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IN FICTION FACT
AND COMMENT

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Dave Carty

THE flood waters of the noisy Rogue River in Oregon had dropped to their normal stage. The spring flowers growing riotously along the mountain sides would soon be withered and gone. The myrtle trees scattered through the Siskiyou National Forest were in full leaf, and there hung in the air merely a faint trace of the pungent sweetness that they had flung over the mountains while they were in the bud.

Illahe Bluetrout, a young half-breed Rogue Indian, sat on a rock in the shade of a Douglas fir on the opposite side of the trail from the little log store that comprised Solitude Bar and sullenly contemplated a sorry-looking roan pack horse tied to the hitching rack. Presently a slender young fellow of about Illahe's own age came out of the store with his arms full of bundles, which he placed on the ground beside the horse.

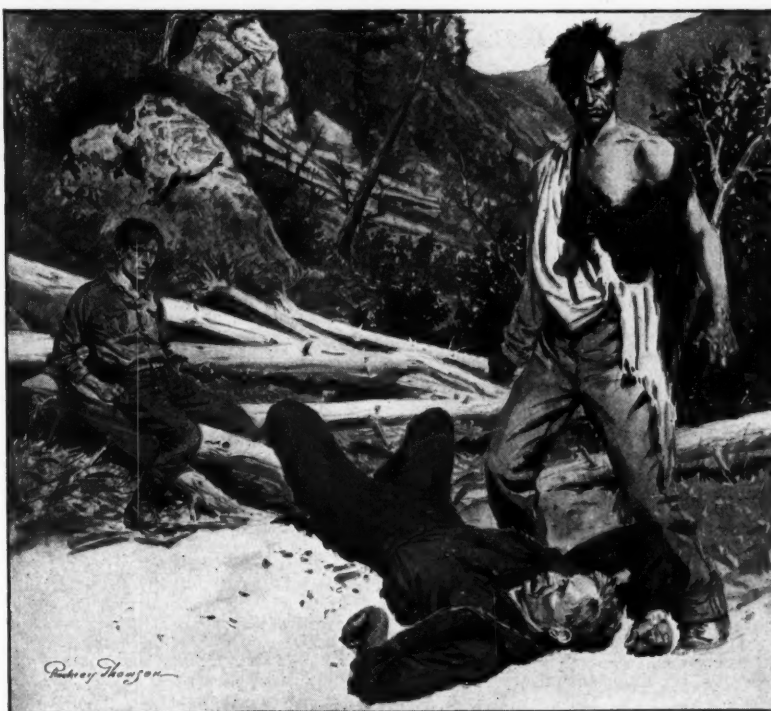
After a moment's hesitation and a self-conscious glance toward Illahe he began awkwardly to tie them on the horse. Illahe watched his efforts with growing contempt. As the boy managed to secure the last package the half-breed gave a grunt of disgust, rose from his seat, followed the traveling shade, which had left him exposed to the sun, and chose another spot in the shadow, where he could continue his observations in comfort.

After a moment of indecision the young man made straight for Illahe. "I am Henry Sully, forest guard for the Solitude guard station," he said. "Can you show me where the trail begins and tell me anything about it?"

For answer Illahe silently pointed his thumb to indicate a dim line that ran up the mountain directly behind the store. At the same time he bent such a hostile glance on the guard that Sully turned away without asking for further information. He immediately untied his horse and started up the trail that Illahe had pointed out.

Illahe watched until the guard was lost among the firs up the mountain. Then he rose and slouched over to the store.

Old Dave Carty, the proprietor, leaned against a barrel as he saw the scowling young half-breed enter the



In the end Illahe was able to break through Longberry's weakened defense

SNOWBIRD PASS

By Ray Palmer Tracy



door. "What makes ye look so all-fired happy this mornin', Illahe?" he inquired blandly. "If there's ary a thing I love, it's to have ye come a-whistlin' an' a-singin' into this vortex o' the business world."

"Ugh!" grunted Illahe and turned his head. "Touchy, ain't ye?" inquired Dave. "Don't yer victuals set good?"

Dave Carty held the reputation of being the only man able to joke the Indians and half-breeds of his section and suffer no loss of esteem in their eyes. They had learned to trust his wisdom and unerring judgment. In the present instance he knew precisely what was the matter with Illahe.

"Pore boy!" he continued after a reflective pause. "He needs a chapyrony!"

Illahe threw him an exasperated glance, which changed to a puzzled frown when he saw that Dave was referring, not to him, but to the guard who had just departed. "He got my job. Me! I don't need no chapyrony! John Waters promise me thees job!"

Dave grinned appreciatively at the idea that the powerful, belligerent half-breed could possibly need any sort of guide round his native country. There was not a more skilled woodsman or a better worker along the course of the Rogue.

"The boy ain't to be blamed fer gettin' yer job," said Dave. "He didn't say so, but I

sort o' got the idea that the job had been wished on him. Most likely he never heard o' ye in his life. John would have kept his word if he hadn't been promoted to another forest."

"Heem a forest man!" grunted Illahe. "He can't pack a horse! Heem build trails!" He pursed his lips in deep contempt. "Me, I could crush heem, so!" He thrust out a mighty hand and closed his fingers with sudden strength.

"Pore boy!" reflected Dave once more. "He's in fer a rough time. But jest you stick around fer a while, Illahe. The supervisor is liable to want you fer this job before long."

When Illahe left the store he felt somewhat better because of Dave's intimation that he would soon be needed to take Sully's place. But he still felt hostile toward Sully, whom he considered as an interloper in the country and responsible for his disappointment. Nothing that Dave could say could shake the half-breed's conviction that Sully was a despicable character.

For the next two weeks Illahe lingered about the river, waiting and hoping. Once he passed along the Solitude trail. After he had scrutinized the station closely and was sure that Sully was absent he stopped. Everything was neat and clean, but the bed with its blankets rolled down at the foot, exposing



Longberry

the boughs to view, brought a twinkle of satisfaction to his eyes. The lack of skill in placing the boughs in a manner to gain their uttermost springiness was in his opinion one more mark against the guard's fitness for the position.

Illahe stepped outside the cabin and walked over to the little shed where the cooking was done. To his astonishment the damage that frost and snow had done to the fire pit, the bean hole and the Dutch oven had not been repaired; they showed no signs of recent use. A small heap of ashes and a rude crane indicated where Sully had been doing his cooking. There was a thin loaf of bread on a table near the crane. Illahe tapped it with his finger and gave an amused grunt. "Dog

bury eet fer bone!" he said dryly. He returned to the river, angrily wondering why the forest supervisor had hired a helpless being like Sully when a man like himself was out of a job.

On the last day of June Illahe made his daily pilgrimage to Dave's store to learn whether anything encouraging had happened. As he stepped through the door he was astonished to see Longberry, a big, sandy man with a leer in his eyes that gave his countenance an evil cast, leaning against the counter.

Longberry greeted him with intolerable insolence. "Hello!" he sneered. "If here ain't my little mongrel playmate!" He paused and with exaggerated anxiety glanced round the store. "And where is that sweet-scented John Waters?" he inquired. "I didn't s'pose he ever lowed ye to leave his heels! Some o' them government fellers do keep the strangest pets!"

Illahe did not answer, but his great hands began to curve into hooks. Aware of the bad blood between the pair, Dave stepped into the breach. "John Waters has been sent to another forest, Longberry," he answered for Illahe. "And Illahe ain't workin' fer the government this year. A young fellow by the name o' Sully is holdin' down the guard job."

Longberry's features reflected astonishment, disappointment and gratification in turn. He began again his sarcastic taunting of Illahe. "So Waters double-crossed ye, eh? He didn't give

ye that guard station he promised ye fer helpin' him put me in the pen; he went an' give it to that lily-fingered young bookkeeper instead!"

Although the incident had had nothing to do with John Waters's promise to place Illahe at the guard station, people had circulated the report that the position was to have been bestowed on Illahe as a direct reward for assisting the ranger to arrest and convict Longberry. Until Waters and Illahe had descended on him and sent him to prison Longberry had defied and cowed the authorities to such an extent that he supplied his little sawmill not only with timber cut from the wrong side of the forest boundary but with stuff from privately owned tracts as well.

The thrust about the guard station touched Illahe "on the raw." Nothing except Dave's restraining influence controlled the half-breed's wild impulse to take Longberry by the throat.

"Me, I theenk we put you in jail for ten year!" jeered the Indian. "You been gone only seven-eight month. They give you vacation because you such hones' man?"

The bolt went home. Longberry's face flushed scarlet, and the tightening of the muscles of his big frame were plainly visible through his shirt. Dave reached under the counter and brought up a sawed-off shotgun that he had used when he was an express messenger on the plains.

"Here, you two!" he commanded in a tone and manner that proclaimed he was playing no favorites. "This here em-por-e-am is a house o' business an' not a battle ground! If anyone hereabouts figgers on changin' things, there's liable to be a sudden thinnin' out o' the population o' Solitude!"

He raised the gun, and Illahe subsided out of habitual deference to Dave's judgment. For a moment Longberry seemed tempted to ignore him, but evidently he thought better of it, for he relaxed with a harsh laugh.

"Keep yer shirt on, Dave!" he said. "I ain't goin' to spank the boy! Not yet!" He turned back to Illahe. "But let me tell ye one thing, my fine young brave! Me an' you ain't quits yet! An' that young fry up at the guard station better watch his step! He's the white-collared bird the supervisor sent up to Salem to object to my bein' paroled. He's goin' to pay fer that!" Longberry swung swiftly out of the building; his light footfalls scarcely made a sound on the floor.

"Me, I ain't afraid!" said Illahe, wrathfully gazing after the departing man.

"All the same," remarked Dave, replacing his emergency gun under the counter, "you an' Sully better look out! That man always was bad medicine, an' he is ten times worse since he was in the pen. He's got a pull somewhere, or he'd never have been paroled. He's back here after revenge as sure as the world!"

For once Illahe was not paying much attention to Dave. "Eef Longberry gets after him, Sully'll leave the country," he reflected aloud.

Dave gave him a penetrating glance. "Now that ye've got no particular job with Uncle Sam, I s'pose ye figger it lets ye out," he said. "Let me tell ye somethin'. Every time a good citizen registers to vote he signs a contract to keep his eye on just these fellers as Longberry an' see that they don't git too all-fired fresh!"

It was a new idea to Illahe, and he did not like it. For the first time in his life he felt that Dave was not only wrong but unjust. The suggestion that he help Sully dispose of Longberry filled him with rage. Without answering he turned and left the store.

Nor did he alter his opinion on afterthought. The more he thought of it the more firmly convinced he became that he was justified in giving Longberry an uninterrupted opportunity to deal with Sully.

Not long after Longberry had declared himself things began to happen in Sully's district. A cable bridge, which had been thrown across a gorge at great expense and labor, suddenly fell to the bottom. Nearly half a mile of telephone wire from Sully's telephone connection with the ranger station mysteriously disappeared. As a climax a bad fire broke out in an isolated region.

Acting on the advice of Dave, Sully offered Illahe the job of handling the crew of fire fighters. If Illahe had not been greatly in need of money, owing to his idleness, he would have spurned the offer to work under Sully; as it was, he reluctantly accepted.

It is hard for a man to hold a grudge when every event of the daily routine of



Illahe Blueshirt, . . . sullenly contemplated a sorry-looking roan pack horse

duties helps to prove that the fancied oppressor intends no injury. Although Illahe's estimate of Sully's ability as a forester was even less than it had been before he had worked with him, the willingness and the evident sincerity with which the young man did his best did not fail to move the half-breed.

Though Sully did not mention it, Illahe was sure that the guard knew where the trouble lay, but did not know what to do about it. On the other hand Illahe, who was keeping a lookout for Longberry on his own account, found numerous signs pointing to the guilt of the convict, signs that would have escaped a less skilled pair of eyes. He was positive that he would have little trouble in trapping him with enough evidence to send him back to the penitentiary to complete his term. For a time he viewed his discoveries as an amusing joke on Sully. Then, so gradually that he scarcely noted the transition, he found himself considering favorably Dave's suggestion that he assist Sully in his fight against Longberry.

The fire, though it was still dangerous, had been under control for two days, when Illahe came to a decision. Leaving the fire workers in charge of a good man, he started for the station to see Sully, who in order to attend to his neglected duties had been compelled to leave the fire the minute the crew got the upper hand.

The mountains were still full of smoke, and there was a thick bank of it hanging over the station when Illahe approached it. He thought nothing of the circumstance, for smoke drifts and settles in strange places, but when he broke through the dense screen of brush and trees surrounding the clearing he saw that the cabin was in flames.

With a cry of astonishment he dashed forward at top speed, but halted when he saw that the building was too far gone for him to save it. At the same time he realized the absurdity of the cabin's burning. It was absolutely unreasonable! While he was casting about for a cause he spied Sully's old roan horse grazing in the little meadow beyond the building. The presence of the horse seemed to Illahe strange. Sully invariably rode the animal wherever he went; yet Sully must be absent, else he would have prevented the cabin from burning. Slow of thought, Illahe took several moments before he connected Longberry with the new catastrophe. Immediately he circled round the cabin, searching the ground for any sign that might reveal what had happened.

It did not occur to Illahe that anything might have happened to Sully until he made a discovery in the dust of the unfrequented trail that leads from the station through Devil's Half Acre; there he found not only Longberry's freshly made tracks but Sully's as well. At once he was apprehensive. If he had not studied the tracks both of Longberry

and of Sully too many times to be mistaken, he would have doubted what he saw. Certain that the burning cabin was only a small part of what was happening, he began trailing the pair at a swift pace.

Well toward the centre of Devil's Half Acre the tracks veered abruptly from the trail and headed straight for Snowbird Pass. Then Illahe understood. Snowbird Pass is the gateway to Lost Cañon, which is filled with a wild tangle of down timber and dense undergrowth. It is so rough and difficult to traverse that even game shun it unless hard pressed by hunters. So far as Illahe knew, John Waters and he, on a tour of investigation, were the only men who had ever picked out a trail to the floor of the cañon. He was certain that Sully had not accompanied Longberry to that wild spot of his own free will, and he hurried after them at the swiftest pace that he could maintain.

Illahe did not have the slightest idea just what he was going to find or how he was going to deal with the situation when he found it. While fighting fire he had had no chance to carry a rifle even if he had had any use for one; consequently he was now armed with no other weapon than a small pocketknife.

Illahe did not look for tracks again until he was beyond the portals of the pass. Then when he discovered tracks leading down the cañon slope he did not bother about them further. There was only one course open to reach the floor of the cañon. He dashed down it; his trained glance swept the country ahead of him, and it was not long before he caught sight of Sully and Longberry a short distance in front, slowly descending the steep, rough ground. As he had suspected from the moment he had sighted the tracks, Sully was a prisoner. With his hands tied to his sides the young guard was being urged on by Longberry, who, armed with a rifle, appeared to be enjoying the trip.

Illahe now began to wonder how he was going to help Sully. He felt responsible for the guard's predicament and was determined to help him. Carefully keeping under cover, he trailed the pair to the floor of the cañon, where Longberry turned his prisoner into a wild tangle of windfalls and jungles that screened them from sight.

Illahe took the opportunity to close the distance between them; he plunged into the thicket and swiftly but silently worked his way through it. Suddenly he heard Longberry's voice just in front of him. Cautiously thrusting aside a branch that obstructed his view, he saw the convict busily engaged in binding the guard to a mass of crisscrossed poles that lay just beyond the thicket.

"This here cañon will make a grand place fer game when the grass comes up after the fire!" he said. "Of course you won't be here to see it! That's why I'm tellin' ye now! It ain't every day that I git a chance to perform a service fer the country an' even up a score at the same time. Jest fer tryin' to gum up my petition fer a parole I'm goin' to burn ye up with these here poles! Ye ain't the only one either that I'm goin' to learn to keep their nose out o' my business!"

Sully was pale, but he offered no protest. Illahe could not help admiring his nerve. Evidently Longberry had little fear of interruption, for his movements were deliberate, and he had leaned his rifle against a log several yards away. Illahe carefully measured the distances with his eye and coolly made up his mind that his only chance of succeeding lay in striking at once. Without pausing for second thought he brushed his concealing branch to one side and hurled himself for the rifle.

At the sudden swish of the branch Longberry spun from his task and bounded for his rifle with amazing quickness. Although Illahe had double the distance to go his start had been quicker. Both men reached the rifle and grasped it at the same instant.

In the first exchange of grips each recognized the strength and activity of the other. Never before had either of them met his

match in a physical contest. The rifle was broken from its stock and hurled into a tangle of brush. Neither fought by any rules, but each took every advantage, fair or foul, to win.

The combat raged with incredible fierceness. Longberry was spurred on by hatred, thoughts of revenge and the certainty that failure to win would land him back in the penitentiary to complete his term. Illahe was fighting for his life. If he lost, he knew that neither he nor Sully would ever leave the cañon alive.

If Longberry had been as young as Illahe he might have won, but he lacked the endurance of youth. In the end Illahe was able to break through Longberry's weakened defense and clutch his throat. Then in a short but terrific struggle Illahe choked him into unconsciousness.

Releasing his hold on his opponent, Illahe staggered over to Sully and snatched up a length of hay wire with which the convict had been binding Sully to the poles. Then he reeled back and securely fastened Longberry's hands.

Just as the half-breed finished, Longberry began to gasp and instinctively to struggle. Coming back to the full command of his senses, he realized that he had lost. He sat up and poured a viperous stream of abuse at Illahe. The half-breed paid no heed, but hurriedly released Sully from the poles.

The two quickly exchanged experiences. Sully had been made a prisoner simply enough. Longberry had surprised and disarmed him within the cabin itself. Then he had bound him, had set fire to the cabin and had marched him to Lost Cañon to finish the job where there was virtually no chance of anyone's discovering his crime.

After a short rest Illahe and Sully lifted Longberry to his feet and forced him to accompany them out of the cañon and down the trail to Solitude Bar. They stopped at Dave's store for a short rest before continuing down the river to Gold Beach, where they could lodge their prisoner in jail. Dave listened attentively to Sully's account of the adventure.

When it was finished the storekeeper turned to Illahe. "Glad to see that you changed your mind!" he said.

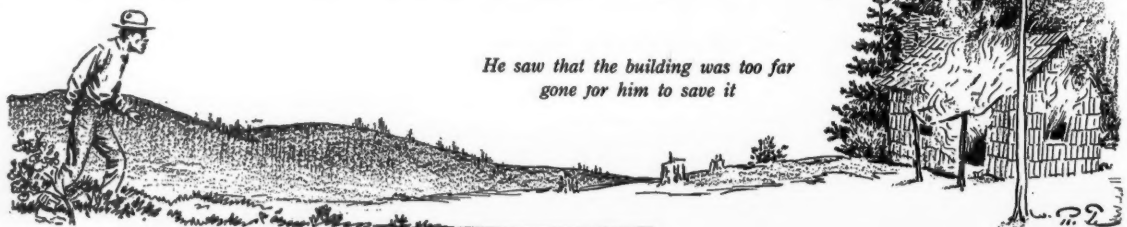
Illahe tapped himself on the chest. "Me, I'm good citizen!" he announced proudly.

Sully did not appreciate the reason of Illahe's boast, though he understood the truth of it. "You certainly are!" he agreed. "And you can have this guard job if you want it! I am an office man by training and experience. However, our new chief required that each man in the office be given some practical experience in the woods. It is a fine idea, but it's hard on some of us! I received a letter when I was down here yesterday; they are having trouble in filling my place at the office and have ordered me back as soon as I can get rid of this job."

Illahe threw a sheepish look at Dave, who had put on that expression of happy innocence which always preceded his most cutting remarks. He glanced at Longberry, who was fairly frothing with rage at the turn of events.

Vainly the half-breed strove to keep the elation out of his tones and to keep from showing so much haste that his dignity would suffer. "Me, I try eet!" he said at last.

DRAWINGS BY
RODNEY THOMSON





HERE was no more work in the garden for Ralph that summer; after he was discharged from the hospital he had a period of convalescence at home, and then Mrs. Woodbury invited him to make a visit at the seashore. With some diffidence and embarrassment he accepted the invitation; he felt that it would be awkward to be a guest in a family whose shoes he had been in the habit of blacking. But he found that Nellie and the cook and the nursemaid all accepted as quite natural his altered status and did nothing to make him feel uncomfortable. To Tommy he was an object of the greatest interest; he had to submit his head for frequent examination, and he had to tell over and over again the full story of his exciting adventure.

That week of comfortable laziness at the seashore seemed to Ralph to repay him for all that he had done and suffered. He lay on the sand in the sun and dreamed and slept; he ate huge meals; he read fiction to his heart's content. But he read the newspapers with keener interest and excitement than any fiction—those newspapers that day by day were chronicling some of the most glorious pages in American history. With the elation that came to him when he read of the reduction of St. Mihiel there was too an element of sadness in the thought, "I guess it will be all over before I can get into it." And he imagined that his mother misjudged Stuart in thinking how glad he must be to be out of it all at last! "I'll bet Stuart would give anything if he could still be pushing back the Germans!" Ralph thought. He thought a good deal about Stuart in those days; he tried to imagine what it would be if he himself had to get along without his right arm. And Stuart had been studying to be an architect; could he learn to draw with his left hand? How skillful did an architect have to be in drawing anyway? Ralph made up his mind that he would take drawing lessons at school the coming year; perhaps then he would be able to help Stuart.

Jim Sneed was another person that Ralph had somewhat on his mind. Mr. Illinson and Mr. Woodbury both thought that Sneed should be indicted and tried for felonious assault as well as for breaking and entering.

"I guess he'll get enough as it is, just for breaking and entering," Ralph said. "I don't want to appear against him for assault. I didn't see him do anything; I didn't even know he was mixed up in it. Phil's a witness against him, and I guess that's enough."

And it may be enough to say that Sneed was sentenced to a term of two years in prison, and that Weissner, his confederate, was given four years—two for breaking and entering and two for stealing the motor truck.

School had begun, the Woodburys and the Whitneys were back in their houses on the hill, the canning kitchen had closed its doors, when one morning the longed-for news reached the Illinson family—Stuart was coming home. He wrote the news himself, in a sprawling childish handwriting that brought tears to his mother's eyes—it was so different from the neat and well-formed hand that had formerly been his.

The letter was delivered just after the family had finished breakfast and before they had scattered for their occupations of the day.

"If he'd only said when we might look for him!" exclaimed Mrs. Illinson.

"He couldn't," said Mr. Illinson, who began to pace up and down in excitement. "Dates of sailing, names of vessels, all such items are censored. He's probably on the water now."

"He may be almost here by now," suggested Ralph. "He probably sent that letter only two or three days before he was to start."

"I shouldn't be at all surprised," said Mr. Illinson.

"Then he may walk right in on us at any time!" exclaimed Mrs. Illinson. "Oh, I can't believe it! It would be too good to be true."

Stella had been silent while the others were talking. "Have we kept all the newspapers of the last two weeks?" she asked.

RALPH ILLINSON

By Arthur Stanwood Pier

Chapter Ten. Mr. Woodbury confers a decoration

"Yes, I think so," replied her mother. "I always pile them up in the attic. Why, Stella?"

But Stella without replying ran upstairs. In a few moments she came down with a bundle of newspapers in her arms and, dropping them on a table, began to look through them page by page.

"What's the big idea, Stella?" asked Ralph. "I just want to make sure that no ships have been torpedoed in the last two weeks coming this way."

"O Stella!" Mrs. Illinson's exclamation was frightened.

Mr. Illinson stopped in his pacing to and fro. "You're right, Stella," he said.

The next moment they were all anxiously

laid in something for me already, I guess there won't be anything coming to me."

He made, however, a hopeful reservation; perhaps the Woodburys had him on their mind. Anyway Mrs. Woodbury had asked him while he was visiting her when his birthday came; he had hoped at the time that it was no mere casual inquiry.

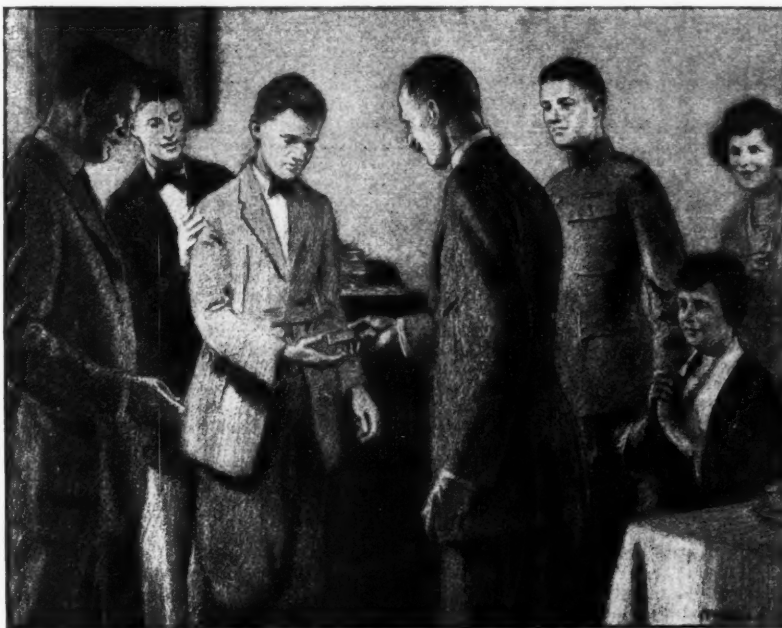
Happening that day to meet Phil Allen and finding a convenient opportunity, he mentioned to him that he would be eighteen on the morrow.

"Nothing doing," said Phil. "I've got past the age of giving birthday presents."

"Who asked you for one, you goat?"

"I can get a hint as well as the next man."

"I hope I'll never think I'm so smart as



DRAWN BY EMLEN MCCONNELL

Then Mr. Woodbury slipped a small package into Ralph's hand

searching through the pile of newspapers. The result of the search was reassuring. There had been sinkings by U-boats reported, but none that seemed likely to be the ship that was bringing Stuart home.

"And he must be out of the submarine zone by this time," said Mr. Illinson. "I feel sure somehow that he sailed not so very long after writing that letter."

"Oh, it seems as if life were just one suspense after another!" cried Mrs. Illinson. "I feel now that if he doesn't come in two or three days I shan't be able to bear it."

"And a few minutes ago you'd have been overjoyed if you'd heard that he would be coming in two or three months," remarked her husband.

"Well, I can't help it," she replied. "I do think it's hard that people who are impatient should have to put up with things that only patient people ought to be asked to bear."

"Mother, you're a wonder," said Stella; and Mrs. Illinson couldn't understand why they all seemed to be laughing at her. But she didn't care; it was good to hear Stella laugh.

"I don't feel that I want to be out of the house for a moment," remarked Mrs. Illinson. "Suppose he were to come when Stella and I were at the Red Cross and father was at his office and Ralph was at school!"

"If he did, he probably wouldn't find it hard to make himself at home," said Mr. Illinson. "I've got to leave for the office now, no matter what happens. I'm twenty minutes late as it is."

And soon after he had departed and Ralph had gone to school Mrs. Illinson and Stella set out as usual for their morning of work at the Red Cross rooms.

"Well," Ralph thought as he proceeded to school, "I see where the family forget all about my birthday tomorrow. If they haven't

you think you are," said Ralph indignantly. He walked away, much ruffled by Phil's derisive laughter. And because of it he didn't tell Phil of the really important event that the family were expecting. "I'll let him find out for himself after Stuart gets home," Ralph muttered. "That will make him sore, the crab. He'd like to see Stuart ahead of the rest of us."

Late that afternoon Ralph was reclining on the sofa in the living room when the front door was opened and his father's voice sounded, oddly eager and excited: "Anybody at home? Where are you all?"

From all parts of the house there were eager answers; Ralph sprang from the sofa, his mother and sister came running to the stairs.

"Has he come? Where is he?" cried Mrs. Illinson.

"No, but I've got news of him, very good news," said Mr. Illinson. His face beamed; he was twisting a newspaper in his hands excitedly.

"Quick, tell us!" Stella was already downstairs; her mother came laboring after her with heavy but eager steps.

"I'll read it to you," said Mr. Illinson. "Come into the living room." And then, standing, he opened the newspaper with trembling hands. "I was reading tonight's paper coming out on the car, and suddenly my eye fell upon this: 'The commander in chief, in the name of the President, has awarded the Distinguished Service Cross to the following-named officers and soldiers for the acts of extraordinary heroism described after their names: Illinson, Stuart, first sergeant, Company D, —th Infantry. For extraordinary heroism in action near Suippe, France, July 28, 1918. Although he was wounded at the very start of the attack, Sergeant Illinson continued with the advance, reorganizing scattered units and leading them

back to the lines. Later his arm was shot off, and he was taken to the rear.' There was a pause while Mr. Illinson slowly folded up the newspaper. Mrs. Illinson's eyes were glistening.

"He's a brave boy," she said in a choking voice. "I—I'm glad he's got something for that arm."

"I'd rather be his father than President," said Mr. Illinson.

"Sure," said Ralph. "Or his brother."

"I think," declared Stella, "that it is almost better than if he were coming back a general."

"I don't want Phil to miss that," said Ralph. He rushed at once to the telephone; the family heard his conversation. "That you, Phil?—Seen the paper tonight?—There's something in it about Stuart that's worth reading.—He's got the D.S.C. You want to read the citation.—You bet it's great stuff." And then in his enthusiasm Ralph relented from the stern resolve of the afternoon.

"We're expecting him home almost any time now. Had a letter from him yesterday. Guess he's on the water by this time.—Yes. Thanks. Well, so long. See you tomorrow maybe."

That evening the Illinsons' telephone rang repeatedly. And it seemed as if all the people who knew the Illinsons and who didn't telephone came in person to offer their congratulations. Mr. Woodbury was among those who telephoned; he recognized Ralph's answering voice. "We've just been reading about your brother, Ralph," he said. "It looks to me as if heroism runs in your family."

"Ah," said Ralph, embarrassed and blushing, even as he stood at the telephone. "Ah."

It was a memorable evening for the Illinson family; but a more memorable morning was to follow. They were all at breakfast when Phil Allen appeared with a parcel in his hand.

"That's great news you folks have had, isn't it?" he said, after declining Mrs. Illinson's invitation to sit down and have a second breakfast. "Pretty fine. I suppose anything in the way of a birthday present is pretty tame, after that; but here you are, Ralph." He laid his parcel down on the table before Ralph.

"You old goat—" Ralph began, and then his mother cried:

"Why, it is. It's his birthday, and I never thought!"

"It's the first time I ever forgot it too!" exclaimed his father.

"I'll give him eighteen kisses right now," said Stella.

"Get out!" cried Ralph, grabbing his present and pushing back his chair.

"How was it he didn't remind you beforehand?" asked Phil. "He'd never have got that present out of me if he hadn't hinted round that he'd like one. But I suppose he had more confidence in you."

"And it was misplaced," said Stella. "Not the first time our precious has had a cruel disappointment. But never mind, deary; the day is still young. We may do something for you yet."

"Dry up," said Ralph. "Give me a chance to see what I've got here." He cut the string and tore off the wrapping paper. "That new detective story about the Quarry Mystery! They say it's a peach! You old goat, Phil!"

And just then the front door opened and closed with a bang, there was a step in the hall, and into the dining room walked Stuart. He didn't say a word; Stella shrieked, Mr. Illinson sprang up, overturning his chair, Ralph and Phil stared as if stark and speechless; and Mrs. Illinson could do nothing because Stuart was leaning over her where she sat, with his arm round her neck and his face covering hers. Just for a moment, and then Stella came upon him.

"Be careful," cried Mr. Illinson, the first coherent words that anyone uttered; "look out for his arm!"

"Never mind the arm," Stuart said in muffled tones.

His mother was holding him tight now and crying, "O Stuart, thank God, thank God!"

But in a moment the other members of the family and even Phil had their chance; they saw a tall, robust figure, a face ruddy and smiling, eyes as clear, as untroubled as before he went away—just the same Stuart exactly except that his right sleeve was flat against his side.

"But where's your medal?" cried Stella.

"Medal? What medal?" asked Stuart.

"Oh, you needn't try to bluff us," said his father. "We read all about it in the paper last night. Why aren't you wearing it?"

Stuart reddened. "I am wearing it. Here, Stella, fish in this breast pocket and get it out."

"What on earth!" said Stella. "He's got it pinned inside his pocket! Why aren't you wearing it pinned on the outside where it belongs?"

"Inside's the best place for it," replied her brother. "They just give 'em away as souvenirs to the fellows that have to leave early."

"Yes, they do!" hooted Ralph. "Here, let's see it, Stell."

The doorbell rang. "You go, Ralph," said Stella, still clinging to the medal. "I'll let you see it in a moment."

Reluctantly Ralph went to the door. There stood Mr. Woodbury.

"Many happy returns of the day," said Mr. Woodbury.

Ralph grinned. "There's one happy return this day," he said. "Come in and see what we've got, Mr. Woodbury."

It gave Ralph the deepest satisfaction to see the deference in Mr. Woodbury's manner toward Stuart. That, he reflected, was

the way everyone was going to feel toward Stuart. And then he was startled by what Mr. Woodbury was saying:

"I had no idea of coming in upon this family gathering,—it's no time for an outsider,—but I'm very glad to have been allowed to meet you, sergeant. I just came because I wanted to confer a birthday decoration on your brother here. You know, you're not the only member of your family who has shown bravery in action."

"A-ay!" said Phil, shoving Ralph forward. Then Mr. Woodbury slipped a small package into Ralph's hand.

"If it isn't the kind of watch you like, exchange it for one that you do like," he said. And when Mr. Woodbury had gone Ralph found himself gazing at a beautiful gold watch. Stuart bent over to look at it.

"That's a pretty good decoration too," he said. "What's the story?"

"They give 'em away as souvenirs to fellows that couldn't finish war-garden jobs," said Ralph.

THE END.

THE FOOL PROOF

By Rebecca Traill Hodges

"IT is a glorious day, Peggy!" Janet Fields caroled into the telephone, and her gaze roamed far out through the window across the sun-kissed stretches of ocean. "Daddy says I'm nearly a full-fledged graduate and expert now with my new motor boat, that I know every bolt and bar and screw of the thing, just where each one goes and what it's supposed to do. So come on over, Peggy, and I'll give you a ride you'll never forget, for you'll be my first passenger."

She hung up the receiver as her friend's words of laughing, enthusiastic acceptance came over the wire; then she hurried down to the landing that jutted out into the water from the Fields's summer cottage.

Mr. Fields was as ardent a water sportsman as his busy life in the city permitted; he was never better pleased than when he was tinkering with the engine of a motor boat. He had spent many hours explaining to his daughter various things about gas engines, and this year on her sixteenth birthday he had turned over to her as pretty a little motor boat as any girl could wish for. It had comfortable green cushions and a shiny brass railing, a tiny cabin gay with bright cretonne and, what was most important, the simplest kind of engine. To cap all, emblazoned in black letters clearly on the shining sides stood out the name, Fool Proof.

"You see," Janet had explained at length as she surveyed her new gift with eager eyes and at the same time hugged her amused father, "you see, there isn't one earthly thing that can possibly get out of order there and be beyond my control. It is so simple and easy that a baby could run it. And now that you've told me, father, the whys and wherefores of every wire, seen and unseen, it is practically foolproof. It really would have to be, though, if I were to run it," she went on candidly, "for I'm afraid I've no head for mechanics. Well, here is one piece of machinery that I do understand!" She waved a dramatic hand at her boat, which was rocking peacefully on the gentle swell. "So I name her the Fool Proof."

And the Fool Proof she became, much to Mr. Fields's amusement. As time went by more and more she deserved and merited the name. As Janet became increasingly proficient her father allowed her added freedom until finally to her joy he pronounced her fully entitled to her "degree."

"Only I don't believe I'd go too far or try any stunts," he advised her. "It's much better to be on the safe side."

Janet had laughingly assured him that there was nothing left now for her to learn, and that she felt like a second Alexander or Napoleon—she wasn't sure which—waiting for new worlds to conquer.

Peggy Ross was several years younger and was inclined to expend a good deal of ardent hero worship on the older girl; Janet gloated over the admiration and the tributes paid her. She liked Peggy's enthusiastic comments on her skill and



ability, and on this day's trip she determined to merit a few more.

"Easiest thing in the world," she assured the delighted Peggy as the two girls settled in their places and the little craft nosed her way down the picturesque coast line and then headed out toward the open sea.

"I don't know one blessed thing about a motor of any kind," Peggy admitted, fixing worshipful eyes on her friend. "I can tell the wheels from the spotlight on our car, and that's as far as my mechanical education goes."

"There's really nothing to it," Janet declared, and she kept up a steady stream of talk to display her newly acquired knowledge of magnetos and spark plugs and coils.

Peggy listened in admiration while, leaning back in smiling contentment, she trailed the fingers of one hand over the side through the water. "I never saw it so transparent!" she exclaimed. "Look, Janet! Look at the fish! Dozens and dozens of them all hurrying about their business and headed for shore."

"Mackerel," Janet declared as the shining bodies slid past in an endless procession. "I never saw so many."

As the girls watched them shooting landward they speculated idly on what fishes thought about,—if they did think, and why and where they were going in such a hurry.

The busy little engine kept up its steady *ptt, ptt, ptt*, and the wooded shore line gradually receded in a more and more indistinct blur. The chain of outside islands came up on them and then slunk into the background, and still Janet kept the Fool Proof's course straight onward toward the far-off horizon, where banks of fog were hanging. The salt spray made their faces tingle pleasantly. It was very lovely, being so far out just by themselves on such a glorious day, and they were both happy and thrilled.

Finally Janet looked at her watch. "Dear me!" she cried. "What a pity, Peg! If we don't turn back now, there'll be no lunch for us, and I'm truly getting dreadfully hungry. I hadn't the least idea it was so late."

Peggy groaned. "I'd hate to tell you how hungry I am too," she admitted. "Make a turn round that buoy over there, and then I suppose we'll have to go back. But what a shame! I'd like to go on and on forever!"

They sighed in unison, and Janet steered toward the thin black upright some distance ahead.

"Why, it moves!" she cried in astonishment. Apparently the buoy had disappeared and then had come up a little nearer. "And, look, Peggy, there are two more beside it. They aren't buoys!"

The eyes of both girls were riveted on the black objects, which were increasing rapidly in numbers. Then Peggy gave a long whistle. "They're fishes, Janet!" she exclaimed excitedly.

"And enormous things too!" Janet added. They watched the black fins come nearer, and then suddenly by the side of the boat appeared the shadowy outline of a huge fish gliding past several feet beneath the surface. They caught the gleam of his cold eye and the unmistakable shape of his ugly head.

"Sharks!" Janet murmured in a whisper. "That's the reason for all those mackerel. They drove them into shore."

"Mercy!" Peggy shivered, and her eyes dilated with horror as the creature sank out of sight. "Aren't you thankful there isn't a storm or anything, and that we have a few inches of hard wood beneath us!"

"They're waiting for the tide to bring the little mackerel out again; I know they are," said Janet, watching another six-footer glide lazily past her.

"What if we fell in!" Peggy cried. But Janet only heard her vaguely, for she was listening to the engine; the busy monotonous little *ptt, ptt, ptt* had changed to an occasionally skipping *ptt*. As the boat slowly slackened speed she bent in perplexity over

the machinery and surveyed each part with troubled indecision.

"Is something wrong?" Peggy asked; her hands were tight across her knees, and she was leaning forward with her eyes fixed on her friend's puzzled face.

"I don't know," Janet shook her head, and the worried frown deepened across her brows. "It doesn't seem as if anything could be, but it's missing somehow."

"What's missing?" Peggy demanded breathlessly.

"The engine; just hear it." Janet opened the tool case and fumbled for the wrench while Peggy listened uncomprehendingly to the skipping beat.

With a last expiring hiss the chug-chugging ceased entirely. The girls looked with amazement and growing uneasiness into each other's eyes and then back at the now silent motor and out across the watery spaces, which the once distant fog bank was now slowly covering.

For a few minutes both girls were speechless. Janet racked her brain to imagine a reason for the engine's stopping and what she could possibly do about it; and Peggy, as helpless and useless as the boat itself, fought against an increasing dizziness.

"I know I'm going to be seasick," she moaned finally, leaning her heavy head on her hand.

Janet, unheeding, frantically went over and over in her mind all the rules and regulations that her father had so assiduously tried to teach her.

The Fool Proof rolled leisurely up and down on the long easy swell, which moved in with the fog from the open sea. The motion that had been delightfully exhilarating while the boat was going became increasingly uncomfortable when it was powerless, and poor Peggy Ross, whose prowess as a sailor had never been great, became paler and paler. Her usually ruddy cheeks took on a livid pallor, and with closed eyes she leaned back weakly against the green cushions. Once in a while she moaned as the boat rode up and down on the endless swell.

Janet investigated the intricacies of the engine. She took out the spark plugs and put them back again, convinced that the trouble was not there. She followed the course of numerous wires from their source to their endings and tightened their connections. She oiled and turned and twisted and cranked over and over again, and still the good ship Fool Proof rose to dizzy heights on the gentle crest and then dropped back again while Peggy groaned aloud in ashen misery.

Janet looked up from the engine and called out sharply to her unhappy passenger. "Don't let your hand hang over the edge like that! Not unless you want to be minus five perfectly good fingers!"

The wretched Peggy pulled herself to a sitting posture and opened agonized eyes. She took one look and shrieked. The water alongside was alive with sharks, big ten-foot ones, shiny and threatening, weaving round the boat. They were horribly graceful as they moved in circles, back and forth, back and forth waiting. They seemed to know that something was wrong. She gazed at them in shuddering fascination and then fell back again limply.

At that moment a heavy fin struck sharply against the side of the boat; as it swerved quickly about Peggy cried aloud in terror, and even Janet compressed her lips into a tight white line.

"Do you suppose they'll tip us over?" Peggy exclaimed hysterically.

"Goodness, no!" Janet retorted. "Not while you keep still anyway."

"I'm just scared to death," the panic-stricken girl said between chattering teeth. "We're miles and miles from home,—you can hardly see the shore because of the fog,—and I always thought you knew everything, Janet Fields!"

Janet made no answer, for she knew only too well the truth that Peggy's bitter words suggested. She knew that she had been foolhardy, and only her silly desire to "show off" in front of Peggy had made her go so far out. She knew also that, since she had been responsible for the whole thing, she would have to keep her head and a "stiff upper lip." She was afraid to acknowledge even to herself how frightened she really was. She realized that she didn't know so much about running a boat as she had thought. She wished most devoutly that Peggy wouldn't wear out the nerves

"Is something wrong?" Peggy asked; her hands were tight across her knees

DRAWN BY JOHN GOSS



of both of them with such incessant lamentations.

Suddenly she had a brilliant thought. Reaching under the seat, she lifted out a big red can. A few seconds later a steady stream of gasoline gurgled into the tank, which had been empty!

As the busy little engine started once again and the Fool Proof swung round with her nose toward the shadowy shore Janet's eyes shone brightly through a thankful mist of unshed tears.

Presently Peggy revived enough to say plaintively and weakly from her cushioned

nook, "I thought all the time it probably didn't have any gas!"

Janet chuckled. She was too much relieved to make any reply, and she hummed a gay little song as the Fool Proof danced across the waters, now smooth enough and sparkling once more. She saw the last hungry-eyed shark slink away in their wake, and she felt a sorry pang for the fate that awaited the mackerel on the outgoing tide. She saw the trees and shrubbery become more and more clear-cut, and she was very glad that she was Janet Fields going home to a comfortable home and a delicious luncheon.

Peggy herself became more and more talkative as the color returned to her lips and her stomach regained its composure. "I suppose I was silly," she admitted half ruefully, "but I could just see myself devoured or drowned. I'd lots rather live! But, Janet, how did you happen to figure out what was wrong?"

"I didn't figure," Janet admitted with a laugh. "It just dawned on my blank mind."

She felt happy and contented as she saw the red roof of their house sticking up among the trees and the welcome landing with the float at the end of it. Mr. Fields

himself was walking up and down on the pier as they came alongside.

He looked a bit anxious and was of course very much relieved, but, being a wise person, he simply helped them tie up the boat while Peggy gave an account of their adventure.

"To think that after all the only thing it needed was gasoline!" Janet exclaimed with a shamefaced grin as with her hand tucked into her father's arm they walked together toward the house.

"And I thought you named her the Fool Proof!" he retorted, laughing.

YOUNG DAYS IN OLD CONCORD

Part I. THE OLD MAP

By Helen Dawes Brown

"GEOGRAPHY should begin at home," said Mr. Alcott, superintendent of schools; "Concord children should first learn about Concord." My father, committeeman of district number four, was quite of the same mind. And so the world began for me with the old map that hung in our entry. The grassy, leafy township seemed to my fancy obligingly flattened against the wall and shrunk to three feet by two of faded pink and green and yellow.

The map, which is of 1852, has still an old colonial look. Two centuries had passed since the founding of the little frontier town, yet it appears that Concord was still a forest with clearings, so tufted over is the map with trees. Its roads are few, and its ancient Indian waterways are first to strike the eye. In 1852 there were stretches of open plain and low-lying meadows and tracts of woodland as silent as when the Indian departed. A stillness seems brooding over the very map.

A land of woods and waters Concord is indeed. White Pond, Walden and Fairhaven were called by Thoreau his "Lake Country." Those were his "water privileges," he said. For, if his neighbor owned the land, of none was it so true as of Thoreau that he "owned the landscape."

Mr. Alcott wished a map to be "not an impertinent paper hanging on a wall, a roll call of hard names, but a reveille for play." Our map of Concord was to offer hills for climbing, fields for ball playing, rivers for boating, ponds for skating. The idea charmed us!

My father, the committeeman, also bade us look at the map with our imaginations as well as with our eyes. He would have us call up the ancient owners of the land. Terrified, fascinated, we pictured Indians on the river bank before our house; we saw them crossing the meadow or lurking in the woods at the top of the hill. Indeed one child suffered more from the fear of Indians than she ever till this moment has admitted. It did not help to reassure her that an Indian stone hatchet hung in her father's doorway, and that arrowheads were often turned up at plowing time.

If we looked hard enough at the map, we saw the coming of the first settlers. Those heroes "went west" from Boston twenty miles into the wilderness and so turned their backs upon the sea, their road home to England. They set their faces toward the sites of Buffalo, Chicago and San Francisco. They had sent scouts ahead, who traveled through "unknown woods and watery swamps" (the suburbs of Boston). They kept on their way till they reached an Indian settlement called Musketaquid, "grassy river." Its people had been reduced by pestilence, and they were willing to sell their lands. The messengers reported that there were charming little rivers and many tiny lakes good for fishing and

irrigation. There were wooded hills for timber and fuel and broad meadows and open plains already cleared by the natives. In short, those first settlers appeared to have found a little Arcadia, "away up in the woods." On September 2, 1635, an act of incorporation was recorded, and Concord was born!

Thus far the story would be given to us as we stood before the map. We were then bidden to name the boundaries of the town. It was surrounded by good old English names: Carlisle, Bedford, Lincoln, Sudbury, Acton. Concord, we learned, was in Middlesex County, which touched Suffolk, Norfolk and Worcester counties. Why, then, was the name of our own town not British or even Indian? It is said to have preserved the memory of an amicable bargain with its first owners.

THE CONCORD ROADS

We held up our heads in a land honestly purchased, not seized by conquering Anglo-Saxons. And let us hope that we paid the Indians a good, fair price. On our own side it appeared for some years a doubtful bargain. Our forefathers showed themselves persons of taste when they selected this fair site to build a town, but their first half century was a time of bitter hardship. For fear of "rose color" let us hear what a petition of 1654 says of the poor soil and the wet meadows; this pathetic document reads: "We have not found any special hand of God gone out against us, only the poverty and meanness of the place we live in, not answering the labor bestowed on it, together with the badness and wetness of the meadows, hath consumed most of the estates of those who have hitherto borne the burden of charges amongst us." At the end of fifty years the poor farmers nearly gave up the struggle. "What if they had!" we said with a gasp. But America without Concord was beyond imagination.

With eyes still on the map we followed the

early settlers. We saw them first marking out the exact centre of their township for a common, or market place. They planned an Old World farming village with houses close along a street for society and protection and with outlying farms to be visited daily. Nature had here provided a "strait street under a sunny bank." We traced it delightedly on the map, for this was the Lexington Road we knew so well. There log huts could snuggle against a warm sand hill. Such for two centuries was the favorite New England building site. The house under the hill "spoke of warmth and comfort and protection." This old "main street" of Concord preceded by many years the elm-shaded Main Street of our day.

From the village green there radiated in the course of time five roads. They followed the natural conformation of the land, as reasonable and beautiful roads should do. The checkerboard towns of new America cast an eye of envy on the graces of the older villages.

One leisurely road led westward to the end of the town, where in the eighteenth century there was a tiny hamlet: a mill and two or three houses. And what a lovely vale it was in those days with its sparkling little river, bright ponds and green hills! One of the old houses had belonged to my great-grandfather, and that house was my birth-place.

Our visitors would say to us how very, very old the house was, quite to my mortification. They would examine curiously the hand-wrought beams and paneled walls, the quaint high cupboards and the corner "beaufatt." They liked to find "the human touch" on old woodwork; an error, a slip of the tool a century ago, had a charm for them. They marveled at the huge chimney resting on a vast arch in the cellar—an underground region of mystery and terror to us children. Our guests took an unnatural pleasure, I thought, in low ceilings and heavy beams. They ended always by praising the "proportions" of colonial building.

From this talk of our friends I gathered that I lived in a dwelling sadly out of fashion and far behind the houses of my school-mates, which had smart piazzas and bay windows. My grandfather's house close by was a modern affair of 1812 and actually stood upon a hill, whereas we were sheltered under the "sunny bank" below.

One of the roads from the heart of the town led to the scene of the Concord Fight. On the map was traced for us the march of the Minutemen when first they went out to meet the British at the end of the ridge above the Lexington Road. Then it was shown how our soldiers had the good sense to fall back to a more sheltered position. We followed

them to the slope of the hill at the narrow pass by the North Bridge.

Next neighbor to the Battle Ground stood the gray Old Manse. It was a young house all in white when the battle was fought in the next field. The minister was a fiery young patriot who could not be held back from war after watching the fight beneath his windows. He enlisted as chaplain and died on the field of honor—young William Emerson! Henry James mentions him as "an old gentleman who in the earlier years of his pastorate stood at the windows of his study, watching, with his hands under his long coat tails, the progress of the Concord Fight." George William Curtis also wrote: "I looked from the little northern window whence the of pastor watched the battle." Both gentlemen had apparently the illusion of young folk that Revolutionary heroes must have been born old!

That the two great writers of Concord had each lived in the Old Manse gave the house another interest for us. Hawthorne in his honeymoon and writing the Mosses is perhaps the happiest of all its memories. Emerson wrote Nature in the same little study overlooking the orchard. Beyond any other house in Concord the Old Manse had charm—withdrawn from the street, its long avenue dappled with shadows, its venerable gray front half in sunlight, half in shade.

A third road, running east from the Common, is the old "strait street under a sunny bank." A bit of this road might be called our



The Old Manse

Poets' Corner, for not far apart are the houses that were the homes of Emerson, Hawthorne and the Alcotts. Young America is poor in shrines as compared with England or with Italy, but by intensive cultivation of those we have we go far to satisfy our souls.

The plain, shapely Emerson House is full of character and dignity. The view of this quiet home from a window in Walden Street is the picture I like to keep when I am far away. The white house is seen across the meadow, gleaming through the tall, dark pine trees, unchanged in its look these fifty years. The afternoon sunshine falls on Mr. Emerson's study windows just as it fell when the poems and essays were written and the letters to Carlyle. The scene is peaceful from its very length of days.

Hawthorne's Wayside farther down the road began with a very old house, in which his Septimius Felton lived. There was added here a bit and there a bit till the place looked homelike and roomy, but, as Hawthorne himself said, the house had "no suggestiveness or venerableness," compared with the earlier abode, the charming Old Manse.

I wonder whether young people do not care most for Wayside because it was the home of the Little Women when they were the little women! That time was before their father had bought the next dwelling sought by eager tourists now. Orchard House was a second ancient house under the sunny bank, taken in hand by the ingenious father of the Little Women, who had a taste for carpentry as well as for philosophy. There is no doubt that

DRAWINGS BY ARTHUR BARTLETT



The Emerson House

in Orchard House lived the most popular of all Concord writers. Yet it is probable that no author has carried its name so far as has the venerable grapevine, parent of the Concord grape, which was also one of the celebrities of the Lexington Road.

The Old Manse garden is lapped by the river. "It may well be called the Concord," wrote Hawthorne, "the river of peace and quietness." If you are a young person reading this page, I take leave to advise you to read at once Hawthorne's delightful paper on the Old Manse. I remember one "young day" on the river when from the bow of our boat I read aloud to my companion: "A more lovely stream than this (the Assabet) for a mile above its junction with the Concord has never flowed on earth. It comes flowing softly through the midmost privacy and deepest heart of a wood, which whispers it to be quiet; while the stream whispers back from its sedgy borders, as if river and wood were hushing each other to sleep." "The winding course of the stream continually shut out the scene and revealed as calm and lovely a one before. We glided from depth to depth and breathed a new seclusion at every turn." And so the lovely sentences fell to the dip of the oar, and life within books and life without seemed fair.

"WALKING OVER THE MAP"

The old map shows the waters of Concord alluringly outspread, unless you chance to be an anxious taxpayer aware of the cost of bridges and of causeways. Thirteen picturesque bridges are the price he pays for those careless-winding streams, but the bright waters of the Concord scene give a gayety and buoyancy to the landscape that should cheer the hearts of those who pay for bridges.

Walking was held by Mr. Alcott to be a part of education. The map, to be thoroughly mastered, must be walked over. The pupil "must take to his legs, with his maps in his pockets, if he please, but seeing with very eyes the objects set down therein." A better quality of seeing than seeing by automobile!

Thoreau was surveyor of Concord in more than one sense; so able was he with his instruments that his figures are still authoritative in conveyances of real estate. Mr. Alcott wrote, "Happily we have a sort of surveyor-general of the town's farms, farmers, animals and everything else it contains, who makes more of it than most persons with a continent at their call." Thoreau said he had traveled much in Concord. He called it the kindness of Providence that "by want of pecuniary wealth I have been nailed down to this my native region so long and steadily and made to study this spot of earth more and more. What would signify in comparison a thin and diffused love and knowledge of the whole earth instead, got by wandering?"



The Orchard House

His motto is said to have been, "*Ne quid quaesiveris extra te Concordiamque.*"

Walking was Thoreau's regular afternoon business, his "engagement to himself." "Ask me for dollars if you will, but do not ask me for my afternoons." Plain, unliterary Concord folk walked but little unless bent on some rational errand. Thoreau declares that on his walks he meets no inhabitant of Concord, "to its disgrace be it said." It was the leisure class of authors who walked abroad in their idle afternoons—Emerson, Hawthorne, Alcott, Channing, Sanborn. As in the English Lake Country we may be sure that every road we take was some loved walk of Wordsworth, so when I fall into reverie over this old map I treasure it the more because every path has been trod by these brother poets, and every lovely scene has "opened their minds to beautiful thoughts."

The old map has to the west a wide blank space that signified green cow pastures, and near the centre of these fields it has a tiny black square marked "School." The district schoolhouse was, to be sure, the loneliest object in the landscape; for with strict impartiality it was placed equally distant from every human habitation. Justice required that

going to school should be inconvenient for everyone alike! Distance made a great part of the adventure of education: the mere "getting there" summer and winter was the prime achievement. He was the hero who "never missed a day."

Within the white schoolhouse a little girl was beginning her education. Hers was a busy little life, for there were at least six lessons to be mastered, and in those days it was the pupil, not the teacher, that learned the lesson. The function of a schoolmistress, the little girl long imagined, was to hold the book.

Mr. Alcott had decreed that the class should study words, not up and down the pages of a spelling book, but as they occur "in nature." Therefore Miss Edgeworth's Harry and Lucy furnished the spelling lesson. Much attention was given to the incomparable game of spelling. Our deep chagrin at a misspelled word is unimaginable to the present generation; so are the emotions of a spelling match.

In order that the child should use the words he had acquired Mr. Alcott made letter writing of the first importance. He said winningly, "The post office is a child's by birthright." He would also have pupils keep little journals after the fashion of the young Alcotts. "The keeping of a diary is an education in itself," said he.

Geography was made much of; geography was held by the committeeman to be the foundation of general intelligence. He saw to it that reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic and geography made the backbone of education in district number four. "Manual training" was in those days taught by mothers, assisted by grandmothers and aunts.

There was a hideous geography chant into which we put all the power of our lungs. Yet by that strange performance the names of the waters surrounding Europe were riveted in the minds of the youngsters who roared in chorus: "Skager Rack, Skager Rack! Cattegat, Cattegat!" Repetition of the names raised our spirits and gave a lyrical excitement to the exercise. Beating time, we swung off into a chant, as it were, of the greatness of Europe, and to this day we have heard the proud names: Sea of Marmora, Sea of Marmora, Strait of Bosphorus, Strait of Bosphorus! After that joyous celebration of European waters the chorus turned homeward and recited the hills of Concord with musical Indian names. For conclusion the children were promised a half holiday and a walk to beautiful Annursnack. Such excursions were part of Mr. Alcott's genial scheme of education.

THE SUPERINTENDENT'S VISITS

The visits of the superintendent gave unfailing pleasure to the school, for they stopped short all lessons for that morning. Mr. Alcott went home and naively set down in his report the delight that his visit had afforded his young friends. Yet they like to recall now his benignant presence as he stood upon the platform with a copy of Pilgrim's Progress in his hand. They remember his large, impressive voice as he expounded his favorite book. He had a small library placed in every school and desired each pupil, like his Little Women, to be grounded in Pilgrim's Progress.

One day he told a parable of his own: how through the wide world he sought for a perfect man, and how he found him nowhere till he came home to himself and said to his soul, "Thine only way to find a perfect man is to make thyself one." A Concord teacher of those days said to me not long ago, "His talk was beautiful. It was like sailing on and on—like sky and sea." "Over the heads of children," said the practical taxpayers and objected that Mr. Alcott wasted the time of the schools.

The superintendent made a monthly visit to each district and occasionally took dinner with the committeeman. An earnest vegetarian like Mr. Alcott was not regarded as the easiest of guests; but if he neglected the meat he gratified his hostess by his appreciation of her blackberry jam. This amiable taste for sweets gave the little girl a fellow feeling with the superintendent such as she had never attained in communings with Pilgrim's Progress.

Mr. Emerson was a member of the school committee and sat upon the platform on examination days. He took no active part, asked no questions and made brief remarks when called upon; yet not one of us but remembers the kindness in his face as he followed all that went on before him. He was afterwards generous in praise of the young teacher's self-possession and in his commendation of the pupils who spoke up so valiantly.

PRECIOUS PLATINUM

By C.A. Stephens



DRAWN BY W. F. STECHER

Fortunately the man in charge did not turn the reflector toward the hulk

Chapter Three. Down the Kama

THE launch came chugging on down the river and passed the hulk behind which the skiff lay. The refugees were sure that it was the Red patrol boat they had seen go up past them the day before. Now it was carrying a headlight, but fortunately the man in charge did not turn the reflector toward the hulk. As the boat passed them Craig gently dipped his paddle and brought the skiff forth from its hiding place to watch where the launch went. For half a verst or more it continued down past the other barks and what looked like wharves; then it veered toward the bank and stopped. In the still darkness they heard the crew go up the river bank, talking noisily; one of the men was singing.

Fifty yards or so back from the wharf lights showed in houses where people were still astir; the crew of the launch entered one of the places, probably a public house where vodka was sold. The voyagers heard noisy greetings and laughter.

After waiting a few minutes they paddled slowly down past the launch; it appeared to be tied up for the night.

"Wish we had that power boat," Hughes muttered.

Beckwith did not reply at once; then suddenly he said, "Why not take it and light out?"

"But if they caught us, Craig, they would surely shoot us!"

"They'll probably shoot us anyway if they catch us," Craig rejoined and turned the skiff toward shore. "I'll reconnoitre a bit," he said. "First of all we must see how much oil there is in the craft."

He stepped ashore and moved quietly among the sheds and the piles of lumber that lined the water front. Reaching the launch, he went aboard and struck a match, shielding the flame with his hat. It was a fine, well-made little craft and had upholstered seats round the sides and a brass handrail; perhaps some prosperous citizen of Perm had once owned it. In the cuddy lay five loaded carbines and a light machine gun. He examined the motor; it was of a well-known, old-fashioned American make with ignition from dry batteries. He tried the switch and the feed stop and made sure that none of the working parts had been removed. Then after listening for a few moments he unscrewed the stopper of the fuel tank astern. As there was no gauge, he measured with a stick; there were nine or ten inches of oil—twenty gallons, he guessed.

Going ashore, he moved cautiously toward the house where the men had disappeared and glanced in at one of the windows. The crew were at a table, eating and drinking. Feeling sure they would not come out for

some time, he went back to the launch and cut the lines with his knife. Then he took one of the oars that lay in the brackets and, shoving the little craft out into the stream, let it drift down in the darkness to where the skiff lay. "I've got her!" he whispered to Hughes and Farrar. "One of you hold fast; the other hand me out our things and be quick!"

Farrar grabbed the rail, and Wallace passed their stuff aboard, those precious bags first of all. Then he picked up little Ned, who was fast asleep and, whispering reassuringly so that he should not cry out, passed him to Craig, who laid him down in the cuddy. Little Mollie had bravely kept awake; she knew that something alarming was on foot. When Craig bade her come she clambered over to the launch as still as a mouse.

In a few minutes they pushed out into midstream; but, not daring to start the engine lest the noise might be heard ashore, they let the launch drift with the current for a mile or more till they saw the shadows of the forest and concluded that they were clear out of the town. Craig then started the engine and sent the launch full speed ahead.

It was a little past midnight. They were well aware that they might hear pursuers at any moment, yet they hoped that the crew of the launch would not discover the loss till morning. They dared not use the headlight for fear some one might see it; so, running in the darkness, they kept as near midstream as possible. Once they struck a raft that lay across the channel, but the blow was a glancing one, and the only damage was the loss of some paint on the right side.

The Kama appeared to be growing wider, and the current was exceedingly strong. Craig estimated that they were making fifteen versts—about ten miles—an hour. They ran on till between five and six o'clock and then put in at the mouth of a little creek; there they lay beneath a high bank overhung with dense shrubbery like rhododendrons.

They felt no pangs of conscience over seizing the patrol boat. Their view of the matter was that the Reds had stolen from them at the *savod* platinum and gold of more than ten times the value of the launch. Moreover, their lives were at stake, and, as Hughes remarked, "It was no time to be splitting hairs on questions of mine and thine."

All that day they watched the river from the cover of some brushwood at the crest of the bluff. They had found no rolls of ammunition for the machine gun, but the magazines of the carbines contained full charges, and those they had laid handy, determined, if the Reds appeared in pursuit, to die fighting rather than be captured. They were strongly situated there, and it probably would have gone hard with any boatload of Bolsheviks who tried to reach them. At mealtimes Farrar and the

children went a little way back into the forest to kindle a fire and prepare food.

The two Americans had looked constantly for telegraph poles and wire and, seeing none, had concluded that there was no danger that anyone down the river would know of their flight. They had used six gallons of the oil fuel, and from that fact they estimated that they were about forty-five miles down the Kama from Perm.

During the afternoon a small steamer passed up the river. Otherwise not a craft of any kind appeared; and as soon as it was dark the fugitives went on again. Toward morning they lay up again inside the mouth of another small tributary, where there were many birch thickets. At sunrise, while fishing at the mouth of the creek, Wallace hooked a big carp; it was so large that he had trouble in landing it. They kindled a fire, and soon the fish was cooking.

While Hughes was trying to catch more fish Beckwith went into the adjacent country to purchase oil. Two or three versts down the river was a hamlet, which after making sure that no wires led to it he entered. The place consisted of fifteen or twenty houses and a small church. There was also a post office and general store. He saw no men about, but when he opened the shop door a fine robust peasant woman appeared from an inner room. Unfamiliar as he was with the language, he had difficulty in making himself understood, but after a while he learned that there was no food for sale in the village. Then seeing a lamp on a shelf, he pointed to the oil in it, and the woman told him that she had a case of kerosene. But when he offered to purchase it she shook her head. Evidently she thought he would wish to pay in the nearly worthless paper money with which Russia is flooded. Craig had about him two American gold eagles and three English sovereigns. The woman regarded them keenly as he held them out, and immediately her attitude changed. Going to a back room she fetched a case that held about five gallons of oil, the price of which she informed him was a ruble and twenty-five kopecks.

Laying a sovereign on the counter, Craig counted off ten on his fingers to show that it was the value of ten rubles. The woman nodded understandingly and said she had four more cases of oil. He offered to buy those too, and she consented to sell all except one. From beneath the counter she drew a huge package of paper money and counted out five thousand kopecks by way of change. Craig did not want the stuff and shook his head. The woman smiled vaguely, and trade was at a standstill until Craig asked for bread. This time the woman nodded with great cheerfulness and fetched three loaves of black bread. The trade then proceeded, and in exchange for his sovereign Craig got four cases of oil and fifteen loaves of bread. It is true that twelve loaves of the bread were not yet baked, but the woman promised to have them before evening, and, putting the three loaves under his arm and leaving the sovereign with the woman, he went back to the launch to get Wallace to help carry the oil.

No alarming dangers beset them that night or during the two days and nights that followed. Pretty well supplied with food and oil, they now emerged on the great steppes of southeastern Russia, where drought had prevailed for two seasons and the crops of the peasants had largely failed. In fact they were close to the region that was suffering most from famine—the famine of which the world has heard so much. It was easy to see that the whole country was as dry as a desert. Lofty white pillars of dust caused by whirlwinds were almost constantly in sight, traversing the plains in slow, solemn fashion. Though the voyagers passed numerous hovels and little hamlets along the river and off on the steppes, they saw scarcely a human being. Terrible dust storms rose and obscured the whole country for hours at a time. Everywhere were flocks of crows, buzzards or hawks circling and settling on the dead carcasses of horses or cattle that had perished for want of fodder.

The river was low and appeared to be shrinking daily, but they were still able to catch fish; Hughes shot a sturgeon so large that he could hardly lift it out of the water. Having now little fear of pursuit or capture, so deserted was the region, they went on by day and lay up for rest at night. On the fifth

day they were no longer able to find oil for sale; moreover, the ignition also failed, but they went on, allowing the launch to drift with the current. At times one or the other of the two young men would row.

Two days later they passed a high bridge where a railway line crosses the river just outside a small city that they supposed was Sarapul. They saw streets with houses and several large structures that they thought might be factories. Although it was no later than four o'clock in the afternoon, few of the people were visible. Sarapul was like a dead city—the result perhaps of the famine or perhaps of the blight of Bolshevism.

An hour or two later they put in for the night at a mill for grinding rye, the water wheel of which was intended to be run by a little stream, now wholly dry, that in ordinary times fell over ledges down to the river. Below the mill, however, was a pool opening out to the Kama, and there they tied up the launch. As apparently the mill had not been used in a long while, they decided to take shelter in it, for, though the days were dry and hot, the nights were so chilly that they suffered from cold, especially little Ned and Mollie. Inside the mill was an iron stove of a curious pattern in which they could kindle a fire from the wood that lay about.

Thinking that the pool might be good fishing ground, Craig and Wallace began making casts there while Farrar lighted a fire, brewed tea and fried what was left of the sturgeon.

While he was thus occupied two peasant women of truly Amazonian stature came along the road and stopped outside to watch him. If the account given of them is correct, they were more than six feet in height and were built in proportion. Barefooted, bare-headed and clad in rags, they were by no means prepossessing. Farrar nodded to them and bade them good evening. They did not reply, but stood staring at the frying pan. Noticing that they looked hungry, the kind-hearted Yorkshireman put two slices of the fried fish on a tin plate and bade little Mollie offer it to them. The child went toward them rather timidly, for she did not like their looks. With a harsh laugh one woman grabbed the plate when Mollie proffered it and then turned aside. The other stared at the child for an instant and then with a tigerish spring pounced upon her, gripped her shoulder and with a single movement slung her up under one arm and ran off along the road!

Beckwith had just hooked a big lamprey when he and Hughes heard Mollie scream and little Ned cry out. The two Americans instantly dropped everything and sped to the mill. There they found the boy crying and in the deepening twilight saw Farrar running as fast as a one-legged man can run. Both young men sprinted after him. He turned, panting, as they reached him. "Oh, they've got Mollie!" he cried.

Indistinctly Craig and Wallace discerned the two women running and gave chase. Craig was the faster runner and drew ahead of his companion. The women were running side by side, supporting the child between them. Mollie was still screaming at intervals; she sounded as if they were choking her or were holding a hand over her mouth. Bounding up behind them, Craig shouted, "Drop that child, you fiends!"

The pair turned at bay, but they held Mollie fast and muttered threats. Craig had at first taken them for men; in the twilight their great size naturally gave him that impression. Now he sprang forward to seize the one who was closer to him; as he did so she stepped back, her foot struck a stone, and she fell. At that instant the other leaped at him and tried to grasp him by the throat. He pushed her from him, and she too went down. By that time Hughes had come up, and he gathered little Mollie into his arms. The would-be kidnapers got slowly to their feet and made off in the deepening twilight.

A few minutes later Farrar arrived on the scene and thanked Heaven with tears in his eyes when he saw that Mollie was safe; the little girl was uninjured.

What the intention of the sinister creatures had been was not clear. Hughes thought they had tried to steal the child in order to hold her for ransom, but Farrar, who had seen the two looking in at the mill door, was convinced that they were cannibals. "They had ghoulish looks!" he said. Craig thought that the two women were crazy.

TO BE CONTINUED.



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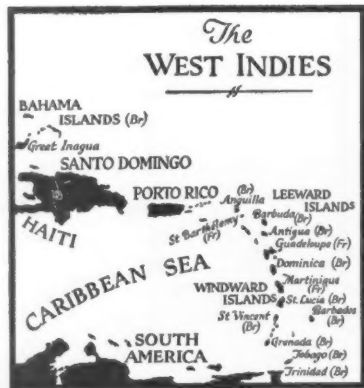
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FACT AND COMMENT

IT IS MOST OFTEN a lame story that halts in the telling.

Men buy Success by giving up a Host
Of Things they Want for what they Want
the Most.

NO ONE EVER SAW a sly hero; courage has an open face.

PRESSES THAT PRINT the Bible work twenty-four hours a day. The American Bible Society recently received an order for a million and a half volumes of parts of the Scriptures in English and Spanish, to make a book of sixty-four pages. The books are for distribution in the United States and South America.

A COTTON GROWER in Arkansas has found a method that he says greatly lessens the number of boll weevils in his fields. In every area of two or three acres he places a torch above pans of kerosene. At night the lighted torches attract the weevils, and sooner or later a large share of them are singed and fall into the kerosene.

IN ALABAMA the Bureau of Mines is using aeroplanes to rush trained rescue workers and oxygen-breathing apparatus to the scenes of mine disasters. The bureau has hitherto depended on trains and motor trucks to reach remote mining camps but now hopes to supplement this service with the quicker aeroplanes. Mines that provide landing fields will get quick service.

THE LAST TEN of our Presidents who have died had an average length of life of 61.9 years. The ten Presidents who preceded them lived to an average age of 68.5 years, and the first six reached an average age of 79.6 years. The growing burdens of the Presidential office have become too great. It is time that all citizens realized that to make a useless demand on the President's time and strength is subversive of the public good.

THE LONG ISLAND RAILROAD is building an approach to one of its grade crossings that, it hopes, will prevent automobile accidents. As the motorist approaches the crossing, low cement walls force him to bear gradually to the right, then in order to get over the railway to make a sharp turn first to the left, then to the right again. As five miles an hour is as fast as the turns can be made, drivers will have time to look for on-coming trains. The cost of the low walls is trivial.

BOWLING GREEN, KENTUCKY, which is built on a limestone formation that includes countless connected subterranean passages, has no trouble or expense in the upkeep of sewers. When a man with a new house wishes to connect with a sewer he merely digs down a few feet till he finds a fissure, turns a stream of water into the opening to clear it of obstructions and then joins his waste pipe to it. The city sewage, purified by its contact with the limestone, ultimately finds an outlet in the river bed.

THE AERIAL CAMERA may fill an important rôle in determining the long-disputed boundary between Colombia and Venezuela. The Swiss commission of experts charged with settling the question have photographs that cover about two million acres of the wildest part of the territory concerned. The photographs clearly show even the most minor details of the ground and make it possible to draw an exact map of the system of watersheds and allow the placing of all the elevations, even those which until now

had never been seen. It took only about twenty-five hours in the air to make the pictures.

THE WEST INDIES

SINCE the United States acquired possessions in the great group of islands known as the West Indies an increasing political interest in the future of the islands has been evident. Our government took over Porto Rico from Spain; it bought the Virgin Islands from Denmark; in granting the Cubans self-government it retained enough control to prevent revolution or misrule; it exercises a fatherly interest in the affairs of Haiti and Santo Domingo for the repression of disorder and of dishonesty in high places.

Most of the other islands, great and small, are British possessions. The British islands are all "crown colonies"; that is, they are actually governed by men sent out from London. In some of the colonies there is the semblance of partial native authority, but it always has to give way before the word of the British governor when there is clash of opinion.

That all of the islands are useless to Great Britain for other than strategic purposes has brought about a remarkable situation. The white population is small, and the British part of it belongs chiefly to the official class. They are there because their job is there, and they have no interest in the welfare of the islanders. In this instance trade does not follow the flag, for nearly all the trade of the entire group is dominated by the United States. There is, in fact, hardly any direct, regular communication with England. Canada has made some attempts, with fairly encouraging results, to compete with this country for West Indian trade. But Great Britain seems to regard the situation in the Caribbean with indifference.

The government does nothing whatever to foster trade. Lord Burnham, the proprietor of the London Telegraph, who lately made a tour of the islands, spoke at length a while ago in the House of Lords and urged the government not to presume too much on the loyalty of the islanders, whose material interests were drawing them strongly and steadily away from their allegiance. At present they have no way of making their desires known. At the imperial conference soon to be held the interests of all the crown colonies in all parts of the world are to be represented by an undersecretary. Lord Burnham asked the government to give the West Indies a real representative, but that moderate request was refused.

There has been a good deal of unofficial discussion in this country of vague proposals that Great Britain cede its West Indian possessions to us for a money payment or as an offset to the British debt. It is clear from the declarations of Englishmen in authority, that Great Britain is determined not to part with the islands on any terms. Our own people would probably decline to assume the burden of governing the mixed races that dwell in the islands. Indeed, so long as we have all the benefits of ownership without any of the responsibilities, the situation is one that we can accept with equanimity.

THE PONY EXPRESS

ONLY a few days after a relay of aeroplanes had carried the mail across the continent in a little more than twenty-six hours occurred the interesting commemoration of the old pony express, which in the days before the Civil War was the most expeditious means of carrying mail across the great plains and mountains between the Missouri River and the Pacific Coast. In the celebration horsemen—and one horse-woman!—rode at top speed from station to station as their predecessors rode more than sixty years ago, though instead of following dim and lonely prairie and mountain trails they bowled along over well-traveled roads, accompanied by a motor truck loaded with supplies and a first-aid equipment! Even so it took them nearly ten days to cover half the width of the continent. Such is the difference between speed as it was understood in the middle of the last century and speed as it is understood today.

Like everything that concerns the pushing of the frontier westward, the story of the pony express is romantic. The undertaking grew out of the need for quicker communication between the fringe of settlements on the Pacific Coast and the rest of the country.

Almost two thousand miles of wilderness separated the edge of advancing civilization from the gold camps and the growing towns of California. There was no telegraph line and of course no railway. It took weeks and sometimes more than a month to send news and correspondence to California. In 1860 William H. Russell, an enterprising man who had long been engaged in the freighting business across the plains, undertook, partly as what our modern slang terms "a sporting proposition," to organize a service that would cut the time in half. He succeeded. Between St. Joseph, Missouri, where the railway ended, and Sacramento, he established one hundred stations. He engaged a hundred of the most skillful horsemen on the plains and bought four hundred stout and speedy plains ponies. The first mail left St. Joseph on April 3, 1860, and reached San Francisco just within ten days, thereby winning for Mr. Russell a wager of \$10,000. Later the time was cut to eight days, and President Lincoln's inaugural message was carried to San Francisco in seven hours less than eight days.

The service was so costly that it never paid, even though it began by charging five dollars for an ordinary letter. At that price only the most important mail could be sent overland, and when the telegraph line was opened to the Pacific Coast in 1861 the pony express went out of existence. It ran only seventeen months, but its brief history is full of incidents of romantic and adventurous interest. Many of the most remarkable characters of the old West were among the riders. "Buffalo Bill" was one, and his feat of riding three hundred and twenty miles on one occasion, without a relief, was one of the surest foundations for the reputation he enjoyed throughout his life as a man of extraordinary daring and endurance.

OCTOBER

OF all the months in the year October is the most to be counted on for charm. March, the much abused, has its peculiar and surprising splendors, its sudden revelations of light, its rich anticipations of glory to come. But March is capricious, and April and May are capricious. "April's sweet, rash tears are dried by May," says the old poet; but May has tears of her own and is overquick to shed them, and one of her azure mornings is too likely to turn into a lowering afternoon, when the unwary have counted upon her.

October is trustworthy, with its calm and golden radiance. Sometimes sharp, harsh storms come, baring the trees and shattering the woodland glory. But in the main you can look for a succession of tranquil days, days rich with a peculiar, quiet, haunting beauty, made up partly of the memory of vanished loveliness and partly of the obscure suggestion of "joy whose hand is ever at his lips, bidding adieu." Above all, tranquillity is the characteristic of these October days. There is no wind at all, or only the faintest breathing from the south, just enough to detach the last red leaves, but not enough to move them from their places, so that they drift down lightly and lazily and lie below the branch on which they hung. The sun-drenched air is full of yellow butterflies, which seem sun-drenched too and flit as lightly and lazily as the leaves from red clover to red clover. The bluebirds sing as they did in the early days of March, with that dainty liquid warble, which now stirs memory as it then stirred hope. The hills far away are shrouded in a soft haze, not clear-cut as in the August sunshine, but misty, dreamy, shadowy, touched with the uncertain glamour of the low and fading sun.

And there is undeniably a melancholy about it all, especially to him who has reached the October of life as well as of the year. But, as with the year, so with life; the quality of the melancholy depends much upon ourselves. Well for us if we have lived so that the turbulence of spring and the vigorous activity of summer leave nothing in October to tarnish the sunny grace of memory and love.

FOUR HOURS A DAY

TIME was when the philosophers invented the Utopias; nowadays it is the chemists and the engineers. Mr. H. G. Wells, who is something of a man of science, as he is also something of almost everything else, is particularly fertile in Utopias; and we have all read that Mr. Steinmetz, the famous electrical expert, cheerfully predicts that electricity and

machinery are going to perform such marvels that no one will need to work more than four hours a day, and not every day at that. Mr. Henry Ford, moreover, has said that the farmer can soon organize his work so as to spend only twenty-five days out of the year at it.

The modern man, you see, does not dream in terms of political arrangements and social reforms, as Plato and Sir Thomas More dreamed. His ideal is a world in which we can all have a great abundance of material possessions and physical comforts produced for us with the minimum of exertion on our part. It is a popular ideal. For millions of people happiness consists in the number of things they possess, and work is a hateful thing, to be taken in the smallest doses possible.

But Mr. Steinmetz, although he looks forward to a time when no one will need to work more than four hours a day, expects everyone to occupy his leisure in "productive activity." It all depends, you see, on your definition of work. Mr. Steinmetz himself says that he works only an hour a day—or is it half an hour? But he spends eight or ten hours more in the laboratory, making experiments and investigations in which he takes pure delight. Work, for him, means drudgery—something you have to whip yourself into doing; tending a lathe in a machine shop might be work, whereas toiling in your home garden—if you like gardening—would not be.

But there are not many Steinmetzes in the world; though the famous engineer falls into the mistake of thinking that people in general can easily be got to behave as he himself behaves. A four-hour day would set free an enormous amount of leisure, and for most persons leisure is a dangerous gift. Not everyone would spend it profitably, as Mr. Steinmetz does, or harmlessly, as the home gardener does, or improvingly, as the lover of reading and study does. There would be a great amount of sheer idling going on, and a considerable increase in the daily output of mischief; for we cannot accept the other half of the modern gospel of labor, as it is set forth by Mr. Bertrand Russell, mathematician, socialist and philosopher, who wants education directed to making people lazy. Profoundly out of sorts with the kind of civilization we have, Mr. Russell declares that we should all be happier if no one worked except under the spur of hunger, since almost everything we do during the working hours for which we are paid is definitely harmful to society. We are still old-fashioned enough to think that there is a certain virtue in regular, necessary work; and we have not observed that the continual loafer is either so useful to society or so happy as the steady worker. However, it occurs to us that the four-hour day might be of service if the man who attains it could be persuaded or obliged to do part of the household work during his hours of lordly leisure, for no inventor has yet found a way to reduce to two hundred and forty minutes a day the work of the woman who is both mother and housekeeper.

A ROOT CELLAR IN THE WHITE HOUSE

SOON after President Coolidge succeeded to the office of President a reporter asked him if he did not expect an early visit from his father. The reply was: "Well, father's a pretty busy man; but perhaps if there were a root cellar in the White House he might be induced to come."

To a man's mother his glory is hers. She would like to sit for hours at his elbow, feeding her interest on every shred of the pomp and circumstance that surround his official position. She loves the soft purr of the wheels of administration. She delights to see her little son of long ago now courted by grave and reverend Senators and obsequious office-seekers. She would like at times to withdraw him from the watchfulness of secretaries and secret-service guards and take him to her heart and rumple his hair, and then straighten his tie and smooth his thinning locks and send him forth again as her very own, to confront the long line of waiting politicians.

But a man's father feels constrained not to express all his pride in a son that has achieved greatness. The child has become lost in the man and is to be considered as a man, apart from the ties of kinship. The father does not feel that his son's elevation to high place and power has made him, the father, a dynastic figure.

A good farmer looks upon his occupation as being quite as important as the Presidency,

for where would Presidents and Cabinets be but for the farmers? Cows must be milked, grain crops must be gathered, apples picked, turnips and cabbages stored in the root cellar; and so long as any of those tasks remain unfinished a visit to the White House, even if a man's own son is master there, must be deferred to a more convenient season. In the dead of winter, perhaps, when all Vermont is snowbound, when there is nothing to do except to put the tools in order, mend harnesses, thin the wood lot, shake down hay, repair stanchions, draw feed from the silo and keep the wood box filled, a farmer who has a good hired man could perhaps snatch a week or so to run down to Washington to see the boy.

But a good farmer could hardly escape a feeling of restlessness in the White House, especially when the hours come round for the regular chores. The fuss and feathers of official procedure have no very obvious relation to the vital business of providing the nation with meat and drink. That the President cannot put his hand to the knob of a door before it flies open seems unnecessary in the White House, though it would be convenient at home when you are bringing in two pails of milk or a double armful of wood. The sheep on the south lawn of the White House are familiar and homelike, and if they were only cows there might be a chance to keep your hand in by milking them before sunup; or, if there were a good big woodpile—But there is really little to do round the White House, and not much to take up a man's time. Until the custodian installs at least a root cellar it is no place for a true Vermonter to enjoy.

The Editor's BULLETIN BOARD

The Edge of Raven Pool

A romantic serial story by the well-known writer

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tells how two charming girls of the new generation bit by bit unraveled the baffling mystery in the life of their beautiful aunt. It is a tale of the South and of a lover's strange disappearance—a sad result of the war between the states. It begins

NEXT WEEK

CURRENT EVENTS

CORFU, the island off the coast of Greece that the Italians bombarded and occupied, has a long and interesting history. It is the island that the old Greeks knew as Corcyra, and that Homer called Scheria. The Corinthians colonized it and made it a commercial and mercantile centre of renown. It maintained a fleet and was one of the chief allies of Athens in the Peloponnesian War. Octavius (later Augustus) used it as a naval base in his wars with Mark Antony. It was in turn held by the Norman monarchs of Sicily, by the Genoese and by the Venetians, who were masters there until 1797. After that it was sometimes under French, sometimes under British, administration; but for sixty years it has been attached to the kingdom of Greece. It is on Corfu that the beautiful palace called the Achilleion stands. It was originally built for the Empress Elizabeth of Austria, but after her death Kaiser Wilhelm II bought it. The Germans used Corfu as a wireless station when the war began, but the Allies soon seized the island and turned the kaiser's beautiful palace into a war hospital.

THE Italians did their cause no good when they turned the guns of their ships on undefended and unresisting Corfu. Incredible as it sounds, they actually shelled harmless children bathing near the old citadel, which is being used to house Armenian and Greek refugees who are under the care of the Near East Relief. No less than sixteen of the twenty persons killed during the bombardment were Armenian children. Whatever defense the Italian government makes for its hasty action against the Greeks, it will find it hard

to explain this outrage. Since the slaughtered children were under the care of an American organization, our own government may find itself drawn into the unhappy quarrel at the mouth of the Adriatic.

APPARENTLY the Wrangell Island expedition, which set out in 1921 to establish the claim of Great Britain to Wrangell Island in the Arctic Ocean, has met with complete disaster. There were only four white men in the party. One has been found dead on the island; the others long ago left in the hope of making their way to the Siberian coast, but they have never been heard from. Mr. Allen Crawford, a young Canadian, was the leader of the party. He was a friend and associate of the explorer Stefánsson, who has always held that Wrangell Island, for its strategic position in the Arctic Ocean, is land that it is well worth while for Great Britain to possess.

IT is hard to tell whether to take General Ludendorff seriously when he hails as the future Emperor of Germany young Johann Georg von Schoenaich-Carolath, the kaiser's stepson. Of course it is well known that General Ludendorff has not much use for the Hohenzollerns. He quarreled continually both with the kaiser and with the crown prince during the closing days of the war and finished by regarding the whole Prussian dynasty as a "dead dog in the pit" so far as Germany is concerned. The young prince whom at Nuremberg he crowned with his approval has no other claim to the throne than that his mother is the second wife of the kaiser. His family though noble is not royal; his abilities, so far as we can learn, are mediocre. The chief reason for General Ludendorff's preferring him is no doubt the general's belief that he would be a puppet whose strings he and his associates could keep in their own hands. Meanwhile the goings on at Nuremberg during the visit of Ludendorff, Hindenburg and other military heroes show that the monarchical party is very strong and very noisy in southern Germany.

WE read in the newspapers that large quantities of brick are importing from Holland and Belgium. One concern in New York has contracted for no less than two hundred million Dutch bricks, which is almost all that the tidewater yards of Holland can produce. That is one of the natural consequences of the way in which building costs have been inflated in our cities. American materials are getting too costly for any except wealthy Americans to use, and American labor—in the building trades—is making building, and even the repairing of buildings, discouragingly expensive for people of moderate means.

A READER has asked us to reprint the five reasons that the Pope recently specified as responsible for the restlessness and discontent of the world. They are these:

The unprecedented challenge to all authority.
The unprecedented hatred between man and man—internationally and in industry.
The abnormal aversion to work that is to be observed on every hand.
The excessive thirst for pleasure as the chief aim in life.
A gross materialism that denies the reality of the spiritual in human life.

Some people will think that all these reasons could be boiled down into one—and that the last of the five.

IN the death of Baron Kato, the premier of Japan, the United States loses a real friend. The policy of the dead statesman was always directed toward a good and friendly understanding with this country. It is not probable that any other Japanese would have cooperated so heartily with our own representatives at the Washington Conference, and perhaps no other could have gained the assent of the Japanese parliament to the treaties that were negotiated at that conference. Count Yamamoto has been appointed premier to succeed Baron Kato.

WEATHER insurance is growing common. Last month a company issued to the Swarthmore College expedition that went to Mexico to observe the total eclipse of the sun a policy for \$10,000 insuring the men of science against having their view of the sun obscured by clouds, rain or dust storms during the three minutes when the sun was entirely in shadow.



Multiplying Man-power

To the man with pick and shovel the digging of holes for telephone poles is a slow and arduous task. Under favorable soil conditions three to five holes are for him an average day's work. Under adverse conditions perhaps he can account for only one. When the hole is dug, eight or ten men are required to raise the pole with pikes.

But the hole-borer with derrick attached, operated by only three men, can erect as many as eighty poles in a day—releasing for other telephone work upwards of forty men.

Hundreds of devices to quicken telephone construction, to increase its safety to the employee, and to effect economies are being utilized in the Bell System. Experiments are constantly being made to find the better and shorter way to do a given job. Each tool invented for the industry must be developed to perfection.

In the aggregate these devices to multiply man-power mean an enormous yearly saving of time, labor and money throughout the whole Bell System. Without them telephone service would be rendered neither as promptly, as efficiently nor as economically as it is to-day.



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VANITY

By HERBERT LOGAN CLEVENGER

The Looking-Glass hung on the Living-Room wall

*As perky as perky could be
And proudly remarked to the Candlestick green
That stood on the Table beside the Silk Screen,*

*"I'm very attractive. It's plain to be seen,
For everyone gazes at me."*

*The Candlestick giggled a couple of times
And turned toward the Library Shelves
Before he replied to the vain Looking-Glass,
"You're sadly mistaken, my dear little lass.
The folks who are gazing at you when they pass*

Are taking a peep at themselves."



BIG BUSHY SQUIRREL GOES A-HUNTING

By CHARLOTTE E. WILDER

BIG Bushy Squirrel liked nuts better than you like candy. So when he looked into his private storeroom and saw that his big pile of hazelnuts was gone he felt the anger begin in his throat and run all the way down to the tip of his big bushy tail.

There were only two tiny shriveled nuts that had rolled down into a corner of the hole. He took both of them with him and hobbled out to his front porch to think it over. The front porch was a branch that ran along before his door; from it he could see the world, and the world, as it went by, could see him. There he sat, nibbling on one nut, and thinking, thinking and nibbling. Along came Scamper Squirrel.

"Good morning, Scamper," said he. "Have a nut?"

"No, thank you, Bushy," was the answer. "It isn't my custom to refuse the offer of a nut, but my cheeks are bursting with some I've just picked up." And he pattered on his way with his round cheeks bulging.

All the while Skinny Squirrel was resting on a fence post near by, trying to look

hungry. It was hard for him because he had just packed away a whole pile of Bushy's nuts in his own skinny little house and had tried a few of them with great satisfaction. Of course the little thief was foolish to stay there at all, but Skinny was very, very curious.

Bushy had been watching him out of the corner of his eye. "Good morning, Skinny," he called. "Have a nut?"

"Oh, thank you, indeed," said sly little Skinny and came sidling up. "Are you sure that you can spare one?"

"Spare one?" asked Bushy and he laughed a great ha-ha. "I can spare one hundred. My tree is brimming full. Would you like to see it?"

Skinny wanted to see it very much; he knew perfectly well that Bushy had no nuts at all left in his hole, but he was a curious squirrel. "Why, yes," said he.

"Come right in," replied Bushy and stood aside to let the visitor enter first. "Walk to the right, please, and be careful of the step."

Skinny went down into the hole and Bushy pattered close behind. They came out into the big empty place where the nuts had been.

"This used to be my storeroom," said Bushy carelessly, "but I have my best ones stacked behind. Step through that little hole you see, please. Mind the low door."

Skinny stepped in, wondering what it was all about. He had no sooner got his body through than the door, which was a big

stone, rolled up behind him and caught him fast by the tip of his tail.

"Good morning, Skinny," called Bushy in a mocking voice. "I'm going off on an errand now. I hope you'll be comfortable there. Eat any nuts you find."

As there was no sign of a nut, Skinny had to sit, with his tail caught in the door, and wait—hours, it seemed. Sometimes he heard the pattering of quick squirrel steps in the next room; sometimes for a long while there were no sounds at all, and sometimes he could hear rolling and bumping noises.

Suddenly the door rolled open and as his tail came free he fell forward on his nose. Then, turning, he saw that the outer room was filled with nuts, piled clear to the ceiling like a snow bank. There was a little lane down the middle and Bushy stood at the other end of it.

"I've enjoyed your call, Skinny," said big Bushy Squirrel. "I have never accomplished so much in a morning before. I found a wonderful place for nuts. There was a whole mountain of them. Come again," and with a polite bow he showed Skinny to the front door.

"And, Skinny," he said as he held the door open, "the next time you carry any nuts from my house to your house I advise you not to crack them and drop the shells all along the way; it tells so very plainly where they went." Big Bushy Squirrel smiled. And he shut the front door—slam!

THE MAGIC MONTH

By DAISY D. STEPHENSON

*October is a wizard wise;
Enchantment tips his sceptre bold
To blaze with beauty autumn trails.
October has the touch of gold.*



POLLY PICKLE AND PETER PIE

By LINDA STEVENS ALMOND

THIS is the story of Polly Pickle and Peter Pie. Their names were not Polly Pickle and Peter Pie at all, at least not in the beginning when they were round and rosy and strong; they were just Polly and Peter Pettigrew, the twins. But suddenly they began to look pale and puny and pinched, and no one knew why; that is, no one except Mr. Penny, who kept a little store on the corner of the street on which the twins lived. He thought he knew, but of course he was not quite sure.

The twins called Mr. Penny's store the Goody Store and when they ran in to spend their pennies Polly always said, "I will take a pickle, please, Mr. Penny, the biggest one you have."

And Mr. Penny would peer at Polly over his specs and say, "Sakes alive, you'll grow into a great big green pickle before you know it, that you will, Polly Pettigrew!"

And Peter always said, "I will take a penny pie, please, Mr. Penny, the biggest one you have."

And Mr. Penny would peer at Peter over his specs and say, "Sakes alive, you'll grow into a great big penny pie before you know it, that you will, Peter Pettigrew!"

But it was as likely as not that the twins never heard a word Mr. Penny said, because they were so busy watching the pickle being fished out of the pickle barrel and the pie come out of the glass case. The same thing happened day after day, though there were also to be bought at the Goody Store such things as cookies with raisins in them and rosy apples and figs and dates and lemon drops and chocolate bars; but they were not for Polly and Peter. They bought pickles and

THE BEST PARADE

By MARY P. BRIDGE

*If you are half as fond as I
Of watching as parades go by,*

*You will be glad to know this fall
About the best one of them all.*

*It has perhaps a million more
Paraders than you've seen before:*

*The bobolink and whippoorwill,
And swallows going to Brazil,*

*And almost every other bird
Of which, I think, you ever heard*

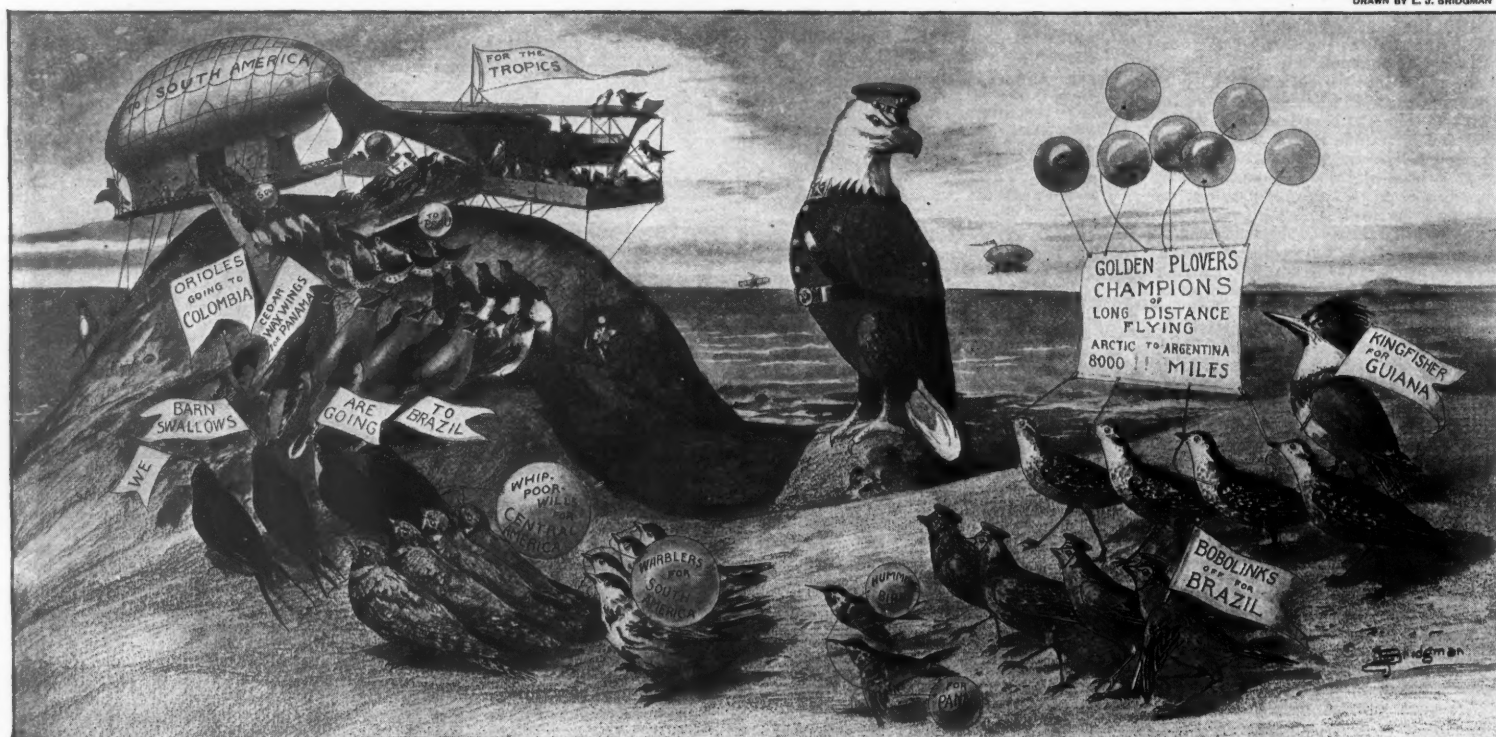
*Are all lined up in rank and file
In strictly military style,*

*With banners flying, and a band,
And General Eagle in command.*

*When they pass by in proud review
The sight perhaps may puzzle you*

*Because you wonder how and when
They ever will get back again.*

*But General Eagle has no fears;
They've done it many thousand years!*



DRAWN BY L. J. BRIDGMAN

pies, and they were getting paler and punier and pincher looking all the time, and no one could tell why; that is, no one except Mr. Penny. He guessed the reason and kept on telling them that they would grow one into a pickle and the other into a pie. But customers are customers and must have what they want; it was Mr. Penny himself that named the twins Polly Pickle and Peter Pie.

Then there came a day when something happened. The twins went on an errand for some one, and that some one gave them a shining nickel apiece. The twins were very polite. They said that they did not want to take the two shiny nickels, for they were glad to do the errand, but the some one insisted and pressed a nickel into Polly's hand and another nickel into Peter's hand. So what could they do but say "thank you" and keep the nickels?

Straightway they went skipping down to the Goody Store. At first Peter thought he would buy a top; Mr. Penny had big red-and-yellow tops for a nickel. Polly thought she would buy a little china doll with a flaxen braid; Mr. Penny had one for a nickel, and she knew how to make a pink silk dress for it.

But when they came to the Goody Store Mr. Penny wasn't in. Plump little Mrs. Penny sat on a high stool behind the counter. She said, "Oho! You're the twins that Papa Penny calls Polly Pickle and Peter Pie."

Polly looked at Peter, and Peter looked at Polly. Pickle! Pie! Why, they forgot all about the red-and-yellow top and the china doll with the flaxen braid.

Polly said, "I'll take a pickle, please, Mrs. Penny—I'll take two." Polly felt the shiny nickel in her hand and added, "I'll take five pickles, if you please."

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Mrs. Penny. "No wonder Papa Penny calls you Polly Pickle." When Mrs. Penny fished the five pickles out of the pickle barrel and dropped them into a brown paper bag she did not suppose for a minute that they were to go into Polly Pickle's little stomach. But that is just what they were going to do.

Then Peter Pie said, "I'll take five penny pies, please, Mrs. Penny."

"Pon my word!" cried Mrs. Penny. "I reckon you children are having a party."

It is a dreadful thing to tell but Polly Pickle and Peter Pie ran home and sat under the apple tree, and Polly ate five great, big green pickles, and Peter ate five penny pies. Before long they felt sicker than they had ever felt in their whole life before, and the doctor had to be sent for, and he came and gave them medicine and sent them to bed. The next morning they felt a little bit better, but the doctor had ordered that they keep very quiet.

So they sat on the porch in their little red rockers, and Polly said to Peter, "O Peter, what do you suppose? I dreamt I was a great big green pickle with a wart for my head and warts for my arms and legs. Ugh!" Polly shuddered. "I never want to see another pickle, Peter."

And Peter said, "I had a dream too, Polly. I thought I was a pie and my head was a cherry stone and my arms and legs were cherry stems. Ugh!" Peter shuddered. "I don't care if I never see another pie, Polly."

Pretty soon the twins were quite well again, and the first thing they did was to go to the Goody Store.

Polly said, "Please, Mr. Penny, I'll have an apple."

And Mr. Penny peered at Polly over his specs and said, "Sakes alive!" But he selected the reddest apple he could find and polished it until it was as shiny as satin.

And Peter stood on tiptoe and looked in the glass case and said, "I'll have a penny's worth of cookies with raisins in 'em, if you please, Mr. Penny."

And Mr. Penny peered at Peter over his specs and said, "Sakes alive!" But he selected the cookies that had the most raisins in them.

After that the twins began to look round and rosy and strong, and no one knew why—at least no one except Mr. Penny, and he thought he knew, but of course he was not quite sure. At any rate, never again did he call them Polly Pickle and Peter Pie.

♦ ♦

I SPY

By ROBERT PALFREY UTTER

Run, run, Twinklefeet,
Up the lane and down the street,
Through the hedge to the garden wall;
"One, two, three, and I've caught you all!"



Bring Along a Brownie

Ask your father how much he would give for pictures of the things he did when he was a boy—his pets, and sports and chums.

Then tell him that the prices of Brownie cameras, made in Kodak shops by Kodak workmen, and easily-worked, thoroughly capable picture-makers, begin at \$2.00.

Autographic Brownies, \$9.00 up

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y., *The Kodak City*

A CALENDAR OF THRIFT



*Cried Dick one bright
October day
To busy Bob, "Come out
and play!"
"Not yet," said Bob, "and
don't be miffed;
To get these apples in is
thrift."*

Arthur Guiterman



OUR UNFINISHED BRIDGES

SOME years ago travelers entering or leaving one of our large Western cities might have seen, spanning the broad river upon which the city is situated, the unfinished structure of a great bridge. Supported on huge piles of solid masonry, it stretched its graceful spans far above the yellow flood, a tangled web of cables and wires silhouetted against the sky. For months it stood thus; no sounds of labor came from its lofty height; no busy workmen swarmed over its girders. What the cause of the delay was no one seemed to know. Perhaps it was difficulty in getting materials; perhaps it was labor trouble. At any rate there the bridge stood day after day, unfinished and useless.

Something like that bridge are the good resolutions that many of us make but never carry out. Every conscientious Christian longs to do better things with his life, but it always seems as if there were some river of doubt—moral weakness or a thoughtless habit—that he must cross before he can reach his goal. So we resolve to bridge the gap, to surmount the weakness or the thoughtless habit. Day by day we adhere to our resolution; span by span our bridge reaches out. We anchor it upon the solid masonry of determined purpose; we rivet it together with earnest faith and prayer. Sometimes the spans reach only a little distance; sometimes they almost close the gap. Not infrequently we become weary, though success is almost in sight; our activity ceases; the work halts, and in the end our good resolution stands like the unfinished bridge, beautiful in inception and purpose, but falling short of its goal.

Why are so many good resolutions abandoned? Possibly it is because we do not always receive the encouragement we think we ought to receive. Possibly it is because unforeseen difficulties discourage us. But probably the real explanation is that most of us depend too much on ourselves and too little on God. The Christian of today might well profit by the advice of the great apostle who said, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

"WE SPEAK THE SAME LANGUAGE"

THE motor bus that ran between towns in the mining district jarred to a stop midway in the hills. "Engine trouble," said the driver and set to work. The passengers got out and stood in an anxious group, for a bitterly fought strike was in progress; there had been riots and violence and threats of worse things to come.

"You never can tell what will happen when these foreigners get out of hand," said one man; "they're irresponsible."

Just then a nervous woman clutched her husband and exclaimed, "Look! Here they come over the hill. Oh! They'll rob us, perhaps murder us!"

The other passengers turned to look. Over the brow of the hill came a straggling gang of unkempt men. They paused to survey the scene below, shouting to one another and gesticulating. Then they started down the hill.

The men began to ask one another what they ought to do to protect the women, some of whom were hurriedly secreting their money and jewelry. Everyone was certain that the foreigners were bent on violence.

Among the passengers was a pretty, dark-eyed, dark-haired young woman who had been pointed out as a famous opera singer visiting our shores for a concert tour. She listened for a moment to the men's shouts and then said in her precise English, "I will go see what it is that they wish."

She walked out to meet them, and as soon as she spoke two or three doffed their battered caps; then one by one the others followed their example. She came back in a moment, smiling.

"We speak the same language," she said. "They have no wish to do harm. They came to see if they could help the man with the motor

car. They also said, since the day is so hot and dusty and we may have long to wait, they would bring us fresh water from a cold spring near by. Yes, I am quite sure they will not hurt anyone. You see, we speak the same language. I understand."

When we and our neighbors speak the same language we shall find that most of our differences vanish, and that those that do not disappear can be adjusted without bitterness. We shall find that the things we feared in our neighbors either do not exist or hold no threat to us. We shall find our neighbors full of the same human impulses, ideals and ambitions that are our own springs of action. How often we are enemies because we are shouting at each other in strange tongues, each speaking a language of self-interest and self-seeking! The wise man tries to learn the universal language. Then he can approach his neighbors and say, "We speak the same language. I understand."

A PANIC-STRICKEN PRISONER

I TOOK my car into a garage one day, writes a contributor, to have some small repairs made on it.

"See our humming bird?" said one of the men, pointing to the ceiling.

A strange place for so delicate a creature! The little bird was spinning back and forth on whirling wings, all the time keeping its head so close to the ceiling that its shining black bill just grazed the wood. It both whirled and revolved; it drew curves and loops and circles all over the ceiling—and the men said it had been doing it all the morning. It had flown in late the afternoon before and had at once started its crazy dance. The windows along the wall were up at the bottom and down at the top; the big wide high double doors were open; yet the poor dazed bird had apparently only one idea, to cut a way out with its beak.

"Anyone would think it would see the sunlight coming in and make for that," I remarked.

"But it doesn't," replied one of the men. "At least it hasn't yet."

"A meter on its wing would indicate several hundred miles by now, I reckon," added another.

"I've read that the humming bird has extraordinary endurance of wing," I remarked. "It makes the trip from the northern part of the United States to Mexico and back each year in about as good time as larger birds make."

"He's still going strong," said the foreman. "I can't see but his wings make as many vibrations a minute as they did when he started out fresh yesterday afternoon."

"It hasn't the ruby throat, so it is probably a young bird. If so, it is pretty strong of wing, considering that it was hatched not earlier than June and was no larger than a bumblebee. But what are you going to do with it?"

"Guess we'll have to wait till it gets tired enough to drop down where we can catch it," said the foreman. "Then we can put it out."

"But by then it will be so weak it won't be able to find food or a safe place," I objected.

"Then I suppose I'll have to take it home and have the wife feed it. I'd really like to know how long it can keep this up before it drops."

I didn't like that idea; I felt sorry for the bird. "If you can think of a way to get it down, go at it and take it out of my time," I suggested.

"But how are you going to reach it?" inquired the foreman. "A stepladder's no good, cause you can't move it round fast enough."

"Might get a broom and sweep it over toward the fellow on the stepladder."

We tried it, but the bird kept skillfully out of reach of the broom.

"Wait, I've got it!" I cried. "Where can I get some flowers?"

"My wife has some—four blocks down the street," said the foreman.

When the woman learned why I wanted a bouquet she gathered the flowers herself, some petunias and nicotianas and scarlet beans, which she said humming birds are particularly fond of. She went with me to see if the scheme would work.

One of the men tied the bouquet to the end of the broom handle, and we all stood about while he hoisted it up in front of the fear-frenzied bird. At first the creature shied off a bit as if impatient that anything interfered with its mad dance. Then it collected its scattered wits and lowered its beak to the bell of a petunia trumpet. For an instant it hovered there; then it plunged in to the shoulders. Before it had finished with the flower the bouquet was out in the alley. The hungry bird drained several different honey jars before it finally sailed away on whirling wings—free.

THE MODERN SOPHOCLES

THE most picturesque figure about the Harvard campus fifty years ago was Evangelinos Apostolides Sophocles, a burly, bearded, fierce-eyed Greek professor who was as unconventional in his manners and habits as in his appearance. Some old graduates have been contributing to the Harvard Alumni Bulletin some amusing reminiscences of the professor.

I was a small boy, writes one, and was of course frequently passing the Fay house, where Professor Sophocles at one time kept some hens; also I was frequently accompanied by a large bull terrier. One day the dog ran into the Fay grounds through the front gate. Almost instantly there was a tremendous explosion, and the dog

reappeared through the side gate, quite unharmed and not even disturbed. When I got to the side gate I could see Professor Sophocles on the front porch with a huge pistol still smoking in his hand.

A few days later the professor stopped my father on Garden Street. Professor Sophocles opened the conversation.

"You have a boy."

"Yes, sir."

"He has a dog."

"Yes, sir."

"He chased my hens."

"I am sorry to hear it, sir."

"I shot at him."

"So the boy told me."

"It was not loaded."

The professor then reached down into the cavernous pocket of his coat and brought out one of those sausage-like sweetmeats made at Mount Sinai of dates and nuts. He cut off a generous length, handed it to my father and said, "That is for the boy that owns the dog."

On another occasion my father applied to Professor Sophocles as an authority probably able to settle how the name of the Prophet of Islam should be spelled. Professor Sophocles took a paper and wrote: M-h-m-d and added, "You put in the vowels as you please."

Two students of the same surname, writes another man, attended one of Professor Sophocles's courses at the same time. One was a good scholar, whom we may call A; the other, a poor scholar, we will call D. When the final marks were turned in it appeared that A had received the grade D should have had, and vice versa. So A went to the professor and said, "Sir, I think that in making your report of grades you have confused me with my namesake D."

"Oh!" said Professor Sophocles. "You must take your chance. You must take your chance."

Another graduate relates that when Professor Sophocles was about to take his sabbatical year he announced that he was going back to Greece to visit his venerable mother. There was a rumor round Harvard Square that his mother was a fruit seller in the Piræus. When he was asked on his return how he had found her he is said to have replied, "Still verree dirtie."

RUSSIA TODAY

THE following article and others that will be printed in later numbers of The Companion are by a correspondent of the London Times, who has spent a great deal of time in Russia in recent years. They give an extraordinarily interesting picture of the Bolshevik "Kultur," of its politics, its army, its social life, its industrial system—if it can be said to have a system. It is written without rancor, by one who has definitely made up his own mind about Bolshevism.

The All-Russian Congress of Soviets, he writes, has the widest powers; they include altering the constitution, directing home and foreign affairs in general, approving the budget, appointing or dismissing the people's commissars and, according to the constitution, "the right to deal with all questions which they recognize as pertaining to their jurisdiction."

In practice, however, this all-powerful congress does nothing except listen to a succession of speeches. I followed, he writes, the proceedings of the last congress carefully. It sat for about ten days in the Bolshoi Theatre, and its tone throughout was more the tone of a revival meeting than of a calm, businesslike legislature. The deputies, simple-appearing men most of them, looking dazed and wild, were visibly moved, as it was intended that they should be moved, by everything they saw and heard: by the great red table of the Præsidium, by the blaze of red everywhere, by the enormous greetings from the "comrades" of all nations that were painted on red hangings depending from the ceiling, by the statuesque figures of red soldiers with rifles and fixed bayonets, who had been grouped just in the right places by a skillful stage manager, and by the bursts of martial music from a military brass band in the orchestra. The bursts came at the end of each speech or sometimes in the middle of a speech if it was too long or was undesirable. When such interruptions occurred it was said to see the extinguished orator gesticulating dumbly amid the overpowering deluge of sound. As the band always played "sacred" Bolshevik music, everyone stood up, and that circumstance also prevented anything like work.

At a certain stage in the proceedings there was always an oratorical reference to fallen comrades, which brought the entire house to its feet in dead silence that was soon followed by that most striking funeral march, the Funeral March of the Victims of the Revolution, a piece of Russian music that was composed, however, before the time of the Bolsheviks. In short, every effort was made to impress the imagination of a rude, uncultured and fanatical gathering.

In the Bolshoi Theatre legislation of any kind is impossible and is meant to be impossible. A deputy would no more think of putting a practical question about taxation, for example, to Kamenov or Kalinin than a pious Anglican would think of interrupting the Dean of St. Paul's in the midst of a service in order to ask how repairs to the cathedral were getting on.

Dr. Foerster, who is now attending Lenin, is of opinion that the drying up of the brain—from which the dictator is suffering—is owing to an

insufficient supply of blood as a result of a bullet's severing a small artery in the neck five years ago. The soviet oligarchy is suffering from the same disease; it is not getting enough fresh blood. When a ruling class is severed in that way from the people ruled the same phenomenon always occurs. Peter the Great, who had the real Bolshevik quality of mind, separated the aristocracy from the people, because the aristocracy, being small in number, could be more easily pushed forward at the pace Peter desired, whereas the people, on account of their great numbers and of their great ignorance, could not be pushed. Hence a separation between the classes and the masses that kept Russia in a sick and abnormal condition for centuries and produced a state of things in which Bolshevism became possible.

IMPRESSING THE SIGHT-SEERS

MR. EDWARD SIMMONS, the painter, lived during part of his youth in the house that Nathaniel Hawthorne made famous as the "Old Manse." In his book of reminiscences entitled *From Seven to Seventy* Mr. Simmons gossips entertainingly about the house:

The Old Manse was built in the manner of the eighteenth century, entirely of wood; the oaken timbers were held together with oaken plugs. We boys found it quite easy to draw them from place, and we used them for tholepins in our dory. Fortunately, the grown-ups "got on to us," or I believe the house would have eventually collapsed.

There was a gabled roof with chimneys at both ends and of course all sorts of wonderful nooks and crannies to hide away in. It was up in that attic that a caller found Grandmother Ripley rocking a cradle with her feet and holding a book that she was intently reading. It was written in Sanskrit. She apologized because she needed a dictionary to read the language. That was not so of Latin and Greek; she read them fluently; but she used to say, "I cannot think in Sanskrit!"

Concord was a historical spot and in the summer was overrun with tourists who, not content with viewing the scene of the "shot heard round the world," and so forth, would invade the Old Manse. They were allowed to go all over the house, much to the discomfort and the amusement of the occupants. One day when I was still a young man there was a party of people upstairs nosing round while my Uncle Gore (Judge Ripley) and I were in the sitting room. My sister had brought in not long before a long, draggily bit of Spanish moss and had put it on the chimney shelf. While the tourists were upstairs my uncle rose and taking the moss, went to the front door and, climbing upon a chair, hung it there. It trailed down three or four feet. When the party came down and started to go out the moss was in the way. Lifting it so that the door would open without catching it, my uncle bowed and with his best manner as chief justice of the Minnesota Supreme Court remarked: "The moss—of which he wrote!"

Every jaw fell; their eyes rolled upward, and in dead silence they marched to their carryall.

HAVING IT BOTH WAYS

THE head of a girl with red hair, painted with charm and great dexterity, says a correspondent in Punch, caught my eye. The picture was in that interesting gallery, the Rue de la Boétie, and I was tempted to enter the shop and asked the price. The price was so high that I remarked on it.

The dealer smiled in agreement. "But you see," he explained, "the painter is dead. Finished. There can be no more of his work, and therefore it costs much."

I made a tour of the walls and found another picture, this time a landscape, very simple but true and beautifully composed. It was signed "Grosjean." I asked the price of it also, and as with the other the price was so high that I remarked on it.

The dealer smiled in agreement. "But you see," he explained, "the painter is alive, and living is expensive. It is necessary therefore to charge much."

THE DAWNING OF HOPE

A WELL-KNOWN man was addressing the inmates of a lunatic asylum, says the Tatler, and after he had been speaking to them for perhaps three quarters of an hour one of the inmates got up and walked out of the hall. The speaker said to the superintendent that he hoped he had not hurt anyone's feelings.

"Oh, not at all," replied the superintendent; "that man has been here for twenty years, and this is the first sign of intelligence he has shown yet."

BABY'S EXPENSIVE OBSTINACY

DO you mean to say," said a doctor of whom Punch tells, "that that bottle of medicine I gave you for the baby is all gone? Impossible! I told you to give him just a teaspoonful every four hours."

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NATURE & SCIENCE

THE TREE MELON.—One of the most delicious of tropical fruits, says the Scientific American, is the papaya, a tree melon. The tree on which it grows resembles a small palm; its slender trunk surmounted by a cluster of large leaves below which hangs the conspicuous melonlike fruit. When ripe the fruit is yellow, is often twenty inches long and may weigh as much as twenty pounds. It is commonly used in the tropics as we use melons, for breakfast, for dessert and for salads.

TRUMPETER SWANS.—According to the Zoological Society Bulletin, the interesting flock of trumpeter swans now carefully guarded on a secluded lake in British Columbia numbered nineteen in the winter of 1919-20 but was reduced to nine in 1920-21 and showed a gain of only two in 1921-22. The trumpeter swan is the largest waterfowl known to have existed in North America and for many years was considered to be extinct. In 1909 Canadian naturalists announced the discovery of nests of the great swans on the islands in Franklin Bay, but reports of their appearance in the United States after 1884 cannot be confirmed. The Canadian government employs a guard to protect the flock.

RAISING GOLDFISH.—Perhaps twenty years ago a farm in the Middle West had several small spring-fed ponds in which bass were raised. A few goldfish were put into the ponds, says the Guide to Nature, and the venture was so successful that today the goldfish farm produces more than half the goldfish sold in the United States. The greater number of the hatch are marketed the first year. The remainder of the fish are specially fed to bring them to the larger size required by special customers. Varieties raised for commercial purposes are comets, nymphs, fantails, telescopes and Chinese moors, that amazing variation which is of a dense, velvety black.

MERCERIZED WOOL.—Under high temperature and at high tension wool can be successfully mercerized, says the Illustrated World. The yarn is immersed for about five minutes in bisulphide of soda at a high temperature. Shrinking is prevented by a mechanical apparatus that holds the yarn at high tension. The tension is then relaxed, and the yarn is boiled in a weak acid solution. Mercerized wool yarns increase one third in length but, unlike cotton yarns, gain nothing in tensile strength.

"CENTRIFUGAL" CAR WHEELS.—Of the steel car wheels on the market probably the most novel, says the Scientific American, is the one known as the Davis wheel, which is cast steel of special composition. The wheel is cast in a mould that is placed on a revolving table. The motion throws the liquid steel to the outer edge of the mould, where it cools first, thus forming the tread of the wheel. As the pouring starts ferromanganese is forced into the molten metal; and as the rim of the mould fills up the jet of manganese is gradually reduced so that the central part of the wheel is plain carbon steel.

AÉROPLANE BRAKING INVENTION.—Two inventors have independently developed a magnetic braking platform for landing aeroplanes, says Popular Mechanics. The platforms, made of iron, are for landing on decks or on other limited areas. In one electromagnets are placed at various points throughout the iron platform and are "charged" by turning on the current from an electric generator, in such a manner that adjacent sections are of opposite polarity. Iron-shod skids on the aeroplane are attracted to the platform, and the momentum of the aeroplane is checked by the pull of the magnets. The other platform has the electromagnets directly attached to the landing shoes and has an electric generator and control system installed in the aeroplane.

A GREAT GAME PARK.—The recently discovered game park in what was formerly German East Africa was long a German secret according to the Illustrated London News. The park is the crater of an extinct volcano. It is nearly twelve miles square, two thousand feet deep and on the remarkable clover pasture surrounding a large lake are no fewer than seventy-five thousand head of big game that never leave it. So carefully do the Germans guard the discovery that the lions living in the park are described as daylight lions due to their tameness and habit of hunting in the daytime.

WINDOW FAN.—Complete ventilation of kitchens is made possible by the introduction of a small electric suction fan that is adjusted to a sheet-iron frame that will fit windows from 24 to 34 inches wide. The Scientific American tells us that the fans are fitted with motors that require no more current than a fifty-watt lamp and that after exhausting stagnant air the fans can be reversed and made to force in fresh air from outdoors.

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CHOREA

CHOREA, or St. Vitus's dance, is a convulsive affection marked by irregular movements of the muscles of the face and neck and of the extremities. It occurs usually in children or youths of both sexes, though it occurs more commonly in girls and young women.

The cause of chorea is not definitely known, though the disease often occurs as a sequel of acute rheumatism or of one of the ordinary fevers of childhood. Sometimes the first convulsive symptoms date from a fright or from some other mental shock in a child convalescent from one of the diseases mentioned or in a child who is exhausted and anemic.

Ordinarily the affection comes on slowly; the first indications are irritability and peevishness coupled with listlessness, capriciousness of appetite, restlessness at night and an evident desire to be let alone. Before long the child begins to twitch the arms, shrug the shoulders, jerk the head, roll the eyes and grimace; all those movements are purposeless, irregular and involuntary. Except in the most severe cases they cease during sleep. They can sometimes be controlled by a strong effort of the will, but only for a brief period; then they return with redoubled force. Scolding or punishing the child will almost inevitably do harm.

The patient usually recovers from an attack of chorea if the disease is treated judiciously, but occasionally it resists all therapeutic measures, and the child, becoming exhausted by the unceasing muscular movements, dies apparently from fatigue poison. In treatment every effort should be made to insure quiet. The child should be taken from school and taught, not too strenuously, at home. The eyes should be examined, and if any defect of vision is found, as will often be the case, it should be corrected with glasses. The day should be broken by frequent rest periods; the patient should lie down for half an hour or an hour in a moderately darkened room. The diet should be plain but nourishing with little or no meat, except occasionally a little of the breast of a chicken. There should be an abundance of butter and cream.

GOVERNOR LONG'S FIRST FEE

AMERICA OF YESTERDAY is the delightful title under which the journal of Gov. John D. Long of Massachusetts has been edited by Mr. Lawrence Mayo. This is the story of the first legal business that the budding attorney found on being admitted to the bar.

In January, 1861, Long was admitted to the Massachusetts bar, and in the following autumn, having returned to his native state, he made two or three stump speeches and was a delegate to the Maine Republican State Convention. A few months later he hung out his shingle on the ell of the old homestead at Buckfield, where it may still be seen. On his first day of business he earned twenty-five cents; after that, next to nothing. The story of his first fee, as told by Mr. Long many years later, is well worth retelling.

Two of what Daniel Webster loved to call the "neighbors" met in my office to settle a dispute about the "boot" on a "hoss trade" involving less than ten dollars. They sat one on each side of my box stove, which from their tilted chairs they propped with their cowhide boots and artistically frescoed with tobacco juice. It was an old and never-settled feud. They prosecuted it, not with firearms as in more chivalrous sections of our country, but in our rural fashion, with rapid volleys at close range of personal vituperation and vernacular profanity, which, however, never left the slightest scar or apparently gave the least offense. That winter they had nothing to do but loaf; indeed my memory of that village time is that scarcely anybody had anything to do but loaf at the "stores," talk politics and philosophize like Diogenes at his peanut stand. I well remember the snow falling in great soft flakes and the sense of an easy warmth that both men seemed to enjoy within doors.

After two hours of wrangle they rose at noon, the dinner hour, and one of them, with patronizing magnanimity, said to me, who had been only a listener, "Johnny, you ought to have something for your trouble," and gave me a silver quarter—my first fee.

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